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RUSSIA AND EUROPE.

MR. FORSTER may perhaps be right in thinking that it is prudent to take the Russian Government at its word. The refusal of a six months' armistice was accompanied by the excuse that the Turkish offer was not a literal compliance with the last English proposal. It is still possible to pretend to believe that a Government which is rapidly occupying Servia with its troops is really influenced by the reasons which it announces to the world. On the same authority it is known that the acceptance of the armistice would have involved commercial uncertainty, and perhaps it may be inferred that an unprovoked war is about to be undertaken in mere solicitude for the interests of trade. Any doubt between peace and war which can still be seriously entertained must rest on grounds of a different kind. The diplomatic relations of Russia to three of the Continental Powers may either ensure peace, or more probably facilitate immediate war. It is almost certain that, notwithstanding the humiliating appeal which has been made to his mercy and benevolence, Prince BISMARCK will maintain strict neutrality. Official German papers announce that the policy of Prussia in 1854 will be resumed, and that no impediment will be offered by the German Government to the aggrandizement of Russia. It is indeed not improbable that a Russian invasion of Turkey may ultimately produce a collision between the two great military Empires; but for the present it is thought worth while to purchase, at the cost of withdrawal from any share in the disposal of Turkish spoils, a contingent alliance with Russia against France. Stipulations may perhaps be made in favour of Roumania, which is now governed by a Prussian Prince; but a petty State which makes no attempt to prevent the march of invaders through its territories has virtually ceased to be independent. Servia and Roumania may henceforth, unless events take an unexpected turn, be considered as Russian provinces.

The ultimate decision of Austria has not yet been announced; but the rumour that the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has assented to the Russian attack upon Turkey derives probability from the significant reference of a German journal to the alliance of the three EMPERORS. The terms of that arrangement have never been published, nor are there any means of testing either the closeness or the sincerity of the alliance. The old Austrian Absolutists, who form a powerful section of the military aristocracy, have always inclined to a Russian alliance; and those among them who are of Slavonic blood have also from the first countenanced the insurrection in Turkey. On the other hand, every Austrian patriot is traditionally jealous of Russian ambition, and the same feeling is still more strongly entertained by the Magyars of Hungary. It is scarcely possible that Count ANDRASSY, himself a Hungarian to the backbone, should retain his place as chief Minister of the Monarchy in a Government which will have become the accomplice of the disturber of the peace of Europe. The vacillation which evidently prevails in Austrian councils has an exact precedent in the transactions of 1853. At that time the Austrian Internuncio rivalled MENSCHIKOFF in ostentatious discourtesy to the Turkish Ministers; and almost down to the date of the rupture an apparently cordial understanding existed between St. Petersburg and Vienna. "MEYENDORFF (then Russian Ambassador at Vienna) is," said Prince ALBERT, in a letter written at the time, "the Austrian Cabinet"; and he

afterwards admitted that the so-called Vienna Note, by which he had been at one time himself deceived, was "a trap set by MEYENDORFF through BUOL (the Austrian Prime Minister)." Soon afterwards the Austrians recognized the danger of subservency, and they provoked the bitter enmity of Russia by a military occupation of the Danubian Principalities, which effectually protected the European provinces of Turkey. The Emperor of AUSTRIA and his advisers cannot but see that the proposed occupation of Bulgaria is equivalent to permanent conquest; and that Servia and Roumania will also be retained, if only for the purpose of connecting the new provinces with the rest of the Empire. Any assurances of moderation will be as valueless as if they related to Khiva. If permission to appropriate Bosnia is regarded as an equivalent for the sacrifice of Bulgaria and Servia, the policy of Austria must have undergone an extraordinary change.

The strange understanding which is said to have been established between Russia and Italy will, if it really exists, not tend to conciliate Austria. Some time ago it was proposed that Italy should take a leading part in the Turkish negotiations, on the express ground of supposed exemption from selfish interest. Some Italian politicians have since thought that the disruption of Turkey might furnish a convenient opportunity for the spoliation of Austria, either by the annexation to Italy of the Southern Tyrol or by the recovery of the territory formerly belonging to Venice on the east coast of the Adriatic. The statement that the Crown Prince of ITALY exchanged overtures on the subject with the CZAREWITCH is not to be hastily accepted. It is difficult to believe that Italian statesmen would wantonly renew hostile relations with Austria by enterprises which would at the same time alienate the goodwill of England and France. The popular sympathy with the insurgents in Turkey which was supposed to exist in Italy, and which was stimulated by GARIBALDI, has not produced any result in the form of material aid. The Government is still less likely to offer active assistance to Russia, and indeed it has formally repudiated the imputation of hostile designs against Austria. France will, unless some unexpected change of circumstances should occur, undoubtedly remain neutral; but it is satisfactory to find that no French party either sympathizes with Russian projects of aggression, or approves the conduct of the English agitators who have done so much to promote a dangerous war. It is well understood that the alliance of the three EMPERORS, which is still ostensibly maintained, is directed against France. The professed object of the arrangement was to secure the peace of Europe; but the attempt of the allied Governments to settle the Eastern question without reference to other Powers has been one of the causes of the impending war. If it is true that the alliance is now renewed, another illustration is afforded of the formidable evils which it is calculated to produce.

Sentimentalists, fanatics, and traitors will rejoice that for the present the pacific policy of England has been overruled by a combination of irresistible forces. Not a word has been uttered against an unprovoked war by the professed enthusiasts for universal peace. The rules or customs of international law have long since been insolently disregarded without a protest from the scrupulous moralists who defended the iniquitous *Alabama* claims when they were urged against their own country. One set of philanthropists affects to regard a Russian war of conquest as a laudable religious crusade, while a sudden passion for the aggrandizement of

the Slavonic race exercises a stronger attraction for an ethnological section. It is not impossible that the Cabinet may at last determine on an autumn Session. Since diplomacy has, to the delight of some benevolent journalists, been superseded by brute force, there may probably be no inconvenience in publishing the details of past negotiations; but the Ministers would not be justified in convoking Parliament except for some practical purpose. If any augmentation of military or naval armaments is deemed expedient, the House of Commons must be asked to vote the necessary supplies. An autumn Session might perhaps be stormy; but Mr. GLADSTONE correctly anticipated the probable decision of Parliament when he promulgated a demand, which has found no echo, for a dissolution which would enable him to appeal from a disapproving House of Commons to a possibly excited constituency. The Ministerial majority is not likely to have been weakened by anything which has lately occurred; nor is there any reason to fear that the ablest and most authoritative Liberals will support Mr. GLADSTONE's wild and unpatriotic policy. It is at present uncertain whether, if a general election were unfortunately impending, the effects of the late agitation would operate injuriously to the present Ministers. When a Russian army occupies Turkey, the advocates of wanton aggression will find that the English people have not yet become admirers of a hostile despotism.

SOCIAL SCIENCE WARNINGS.

IF in England we do not like to be abused, blamed, and reproved, we do not much mind it. When those who are competent to teach us tell us that we are going wrong, are in danger, or are neglecting great opportunities, we encourage them to speak out freely and let us know their minds. A speaker is sure of an attentive audience when he at once shows a mastery of his subject and dwells on our national shortcomings; and there never perhaps was any occasion when speakers had recourse more largely to this way of awakening interest than that furnished by the recent Social Science gathering. Mr. PATTISON spoke on culture, Mr. POYNTER on art, and Mr. HAWKESLEY on the health and means of subsistence of the people. Each had earned the right to be listened to on his subject, and spoke with incontestable authority. Each was gloomy in the extreme, and seemed overwhelmed by the miserable state of things with which he had to deal. Mr. PATTISON found no intellectual culture in England, or next to none. Mr. POYNTER found no art, or scarcely any. Mr. HAWKESLEY found the population rapidly surpassing the means of subsistence. A stupid, mechanical set of people on the eve of beggary—such was the view of the English nation that commended itself to three acute and experienced observers. It was evident that all three were speaking what they profoundly felt, and were not starting paradoxes for the mere amusement of themselves and their hearers. It is also incontestable that much of what each speaker said was quite true. It must be allowed that there is no burning zeal for intellectual cultivation in the English middle classes. It is a glaring fact that the English build hideous railway stations and bridges, that modern furniture comes to pieces, and modern houses tumble down. It is beyond question that we depend on foreign countries for much of what we eat, and that foreign competition, strikes, and shoddy have endangered English trade. It is very right that the rector of a college should inveigh against the contented ignorance of thousands who could buy knowledge if they would, that an artist should bemoan the vandalism which has spoilt the finest views in London, and that an engineer should deplore the inefficacy of sanitary improvements if the people are to have little money, little food, and endless children. But what is really remarkable in the speeches of the rector, the artist, and the engineer is that they spoke not only as men seeing great evils, but as men who are without hope in the presence of these evils. The rector declared that the Universities are powerless in face of the bloated stupidity of the moneyed classes. The artist held that mechanics are sure to keep art in a dwarfed and stunted state. The engineer owned that sanitary improvements, although they do not prolong the average of life, make a few people more comfortable while they live; but he showed statistically that, however well England may be drained and housed, it will soon have

more people than it can feed. There is, we hope, a little exaggeration in this dismal picture of our national condition. The picture, if drawn with any approach to fidelity, must no doubt have its dark side; and those who call attention to the dark side are performing a very useful office. But the picture need not be uniformly and entirely black; and perhaps things are not quite so bad as they appear to these oppressed and despairing minds.

No observer of the state of English culture could possibly be more lugubrious than the Rector of LINCOLN. He does not think much of Oxford. It is too fond of luxury and amusement; it is under theological domination; it gives away enormous prizes in the way of fellowships, which are proverbially the grave of learning; it exhausts its energies in examining and in cramming for examinations. But Oxford is still too good for the nation. It upholds a high standard of liberal education, and the mass of those who could afford to send their sons to Oxford think it a mere waste of time for their sons to reach such a standard. They do not see how high education pays, and if they do not see this for their boys, still less do they see it for their girls. Mr. PATTISON quoted with burning scorn the observations of a Mr. SMITH of Halifax, who at a previous meeting had been privileged to enlighten the Social Science Congress, and who had remarked that English parents very properly waited to give an expensive education to girls until they could see a prospect of getting some return for their money. A judicious father will, he said, spend 2,000*l.* on a boy's education, because there is a fair chance of the boy getting 100*l.* a year by the outlay; but money spent on girls might as well be thrown into the sea, as they can earn nothing. In addressing a Social Science Congress, it was perhaps fair to take Mr. SMITH of Halifax as a representative of the class to which he belonged, as he had been thought wise and good enough to lecture the Congress on a previous occasion; but outside the Social Science Congress it is permissible to doubt whether Mr. SMITH spoke the views even of Halifax. Far as England is below the ideal of Mr. PATTISON, it is also far above the real of Mr. SMITH. Mr. PATTISON is quite right to have an ideal, and to attempt to shadow it forth; but an ideal must not be taken as a type of what can be fairly expected. There may be, and no doubt there is, too little culture in England; but there is more than in any other country. There is, for example, in Germany a small class more earnestly bent on culture than any class in England; but there is much more diffusion of culture in England. English women are much better educated than German women. The military and aristocratic contempt for learning so familiar in Germany is almost unknown in England; and even in the German literary class a more wholly uneducated woman than the ordinary Professor's wife is not to be found in Europe. Then, again, it may be observed that Mr. PATTISON assumes, what we believe to be totally unfounded, that there is no limit to the number of minds which at any given time are capable of the highest intellectual culture. On the contrary, the number of minds possessing real intellectual ability is probably very small. Even of those who can be trained to what is ordinarily considered a high point, very few can do more than comprehend what has been written for them in the books they have been told to read. A student gets up his ARISTOTLE and PLATO, and even his KANT. He gets a first-class and a fellowship, and then his philosophy is buried in the grave—partly perhaps because he is idle, but partly also because he is aware that, if he worked till he was seventy, he could never write a word on philosophy which would be either true or new. What he can do is to teach others to come up to the level he has reached. But those who can reach even his level are very few. He has to attend to the many who, if they come to Oxford, must be made to learn something, or otherwise culture could not be diffused at all. As they have scarcely any natural interest in their studies, he must see that they do not slip through his fingers and evade the pain of acquiring the small amount of knowledge of which they are capable. In other words, he must cram and examine.

Into Mr. POYNTER's melancholy views of the prospect of art in England it is difficult to enter without a thorough discussion of what is the function and value of art in society; and Mr. POYNTER himself is so much cheered, even in the depths of his despondency, by Mr. MORRIS's designs for furniture, that he does not create in us the impression of boundless unhappiness which is created by the utterances of Mr. PATTISON and Mr. HAWKESLEY. What over-

powers Mr. HAWKESLEY is not only the growth of the population of England, which he calculates would, if unchecked, cover in twenty generations fifteen globes as big as our world, but the danger to which we are liable of having our supplies of food from abroad cut off, and of losing our trade through our own folly. That we might have our supplies of food intercepted is a possible danger, but it is surely a very remote danger. If we were at war with all the world at once we should no doubt be starved; but so long as there are powerful neutrals to bring us our food, we shall be able to buy it, if we have the money to pay for it. It would be a very costly business; but the neutrals would not lose the opportunity of making fortunes, and we should get the food. The decay of English trade is a much more pressing danger. We have no doubt treated the world to many very bad bargains, and have revelled in the manufacture of articles which we knew could not be of any use whatever to purchasers. Strikes are a still more serious drawback. Probably capitalists as a body have not been free from faults, and the present generation may be expiating the sins of its predecessors. But, wherever the blame may rest, the life of an English employer is fast becoming the life of a dog. It is a life of constant worry, anxiety, depression, and quarrels. But then one of two things will happen. Either it will be found that the evils which capitalists have to bear are endurable, that trade somehow goes on, that fortunes can still be made or kept, and that the total of English production suffices for the needs of the country; or else there will be such a falling off in trade, capitalists will be so seriously embarrassed, and the disposition to take risks will be so small, that the working classes will begin to feel the pinch, and know what real suffering means. When it once comes to English workmen seeing that they must work to live, the immense balance of probability is in favour of their working. Suffering would be much more likely to stimulate England than to kill it. At present we have to do with a state of things in which the trade of England is somewhat crippled and somewhat endangered, but is not as yet seriously hurt. The revenue returns show that, though there is no great prosperity, there is nothing like the pressure of real adversity. Things may have to be worse before they are better, or common sense may prevail, and a further advance towards any great distress may be avoided. But if the state of trade got much worse, adversity would teach its stern lesson, and things would begin to mend. Anything that a diligent and sagacious observer like Mr. HAWKESLEY can say to open men's eyes in time and avert calamity is most valuable; but the notion that England is already doomed once for all, and is inevitably going downhill, is a notion that cannot be said to be justified by our experience either of the past or of the present.

INCENDIARY PHILANTHROPY.

THE able and instructive article on the Eastern question in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* will confirm the judgment which has already been formed by the great majority of the educated classes, including probably the larger section of the Liberal party. Should events take the course which now seems to be imminent, it will be strange if the English people applaud an unprovoked war of conquest, to be undertaken by Russia in pursuance of a policy which must have been long since prepared. The effective encouragement which Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT afforded to the last Russian attack upon Turkey had the excuse of being unintentional and unforeseen. It had not then occurred to the advocates of universal peace that their supposed influence with their own countrymen might tend directly to the promotion of war. The agitators of the present day have no such ignorance to plead. Mr. BAIGER and Mr. LOWE have openly invited the interference of Russia; and the conductors of two or three English journals, with the aid of a few newspaper Correspondents, avowedly deprecate peace on behalf of clients whose interests they deliberately prefer to the traditional policy of the English nation now maintained by the strenuous exertions of the English Government. That the *Spectator* should exaggerate and caricature a political course founded on morbid sentiment is not surprising. Eminently virtuous journals, like eminently virtuous men, are exempt from the scruples which restrain ordinary con-

sciences. It might have been thought impossible that English writers in the present day should preach a crusade or religious war, especially when there is in fact no such conflict, although it is possible that wanton aggression may arouse the fanaticism of the Turks. The Russian Government cares nothing for the propagation of Christianity, except where orthodoxy may, as in Poland, be used as an instrument of despotism. It has been reserved for the philanthropists of the *Spectator* to represent the impending struggle as a war of hostile creeds legitimately waged for the destruction of the infidel. The armistice offered by the Porte is accordingly discussed with exclusive reference to the advantage which it may bring to the cause of the Christians, who are identified both with the Servians and with the Russians. Time is, it is said, valuable in Russia, as enabling the report of the Bulgarian outrages to reach the priesthood and the peasantry. "Six months of steady silent preparation" will bring new resources to the Christians; and what will "it bring to the Turks?" The six months of preparation would probably result in a war with Austria, and ultimately in a war with England; but it is not for crusaders to notice secular and national distinctions. Equal to the occasion, the *Spectator* has discovered that the English opponents of an unprincipled agitation have become Mahometans; and it designates the dwindling faction which follows Mr. GLADSTONE as "the non-Mussulman part of the nation." Controversy conducted in this fashion becomes practically one-sided, and the side which is left is not that which hysterical declaimers intended to support.

The tone and temper of political controversy seem on the philanthropic side to have suddenly gone a century back. Even if the outrageous language of the chief offender is passed over, as not characteristic of his party, Mr. GLADSTONE's disregard of the ordinary rules of courtesy excites regret as well as disapproval. It could scarcely have been expected that, in a letter to an inoffensive and respectable Jewish correspondent, Mr. GLADSTONE should have sneered at "Judaic sympathies" as illegitimate motives of action. It is probable, indeed, that no offence was intended to Mr. GLÜCKSTEIN, though his natural susceptibility might have been more carefully considered. Mr. GREEN, a second Jewish correspondent, appears not to have understood the meaning of Mr. GLADSTONE's mysterious assertion. The Judaic sympathies which, "beyond" as well as within the circle of professed Judaism, are now "acting on the question of the East," are those, not of Mr. GLÜCKSTEIN's coreligionists, but of the lifelong rival whom Mr. GLADSTONE would gladly wound by a reference to his descent. Lord BEACONSFIELD's laudable pride in his Jewish lineage will fortunately deprive the insinuation of its sting. Mr. GLADSTONE has often shown a vindictive disposition; but his training, his taste, and his character have secured him hitherto against the error of personal rudeness. For public reasons it is perhaps not to be regretted that he should condescend to language which is the evident result of uncontrollable irritation. When the Bulgarian agitation began, foreign statesmen naturally supposed that the most eminent member of the House of Commons must, in the adoption of an unusual course, have been actuated by motives of deliberate policy, and that he must represent the party of which he was lately the chief. The Servian Government paid Mr. GLADSTONE the compliment of quoting his authority for the renewal of hostilities three or four weeks after they had urgently requested the English Government to obtain for them an armistice and eventually a peace. Two or three thousand men have by their wounds or their death testified to the influence of Mr. GLADSTONE's name and eloquence; and probably the catalogue of victims is not yet complete; but henceforth neither friends nor enemies will attribute similar weight to his speeches or his writings. A partisan who at such a moment cannot restrain an ill-mannered taunt against his principal adversary has for the time abdicated the character of a statesman. Russian ambition will derive as little encouragement from Mr. GLADSTONE's future invectives against the English Government as from the dull jest of calling the opponents of Russian aggression Mahometans or infidels. It may be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE will contradict the scandalous report that he has authorized a friend both to translate his pamphlet into Russian and to prefix to his version an acknowledgment of the right and duty of Russia to interfere in Turkey for the benefit of the Christian population.

The motive which induces more prudent and patriotic

politicians to profess confidence in the Russian Government is intelligible; and indeed it is not a little remarkable that Mr. STANSFELD should have suggested at St. James's Hall the expediency of a similar course; yet it may be doubted whether plainness of speech is not more conducive to the common object of restraining Russian ambition. It will at least not be prudent to feel the confidence which it may possibly be expedient to profess. In a letter quoted by Mr. THEODORE MARTIN, Prince ALBERT pointed out in 1853, with much sagacity, Lord ABERDEEN's fundamental error. "ABERDEEN is quite right, and is to be honoured and applauded for maintaining as he does that we must deal with our enemies as *honourable* men, and deal honourably towards them; but that is no reason why we should think *they are so in fact*. This is what he does, and maintains that it is right to do." The apologists of the Emperor ALEXANDER allege, with more or less truth, that his Government is unable to restrain the activity of the Panslavonic Societies. There is assuredly no need that he should become their accomplice or their tool. The whole theory of ethnological sympathy has been invented within a few years. At the time of the Crimean war the Russian patronage of the rayahs of Turkey was professedly founded on religious and not on genealogical associations. The Slavonic Congress at Moscow was convoked at the instigation of the Government for the immediate purpose rather of threatening Austria than of dismembering Turkey. Their first instigations to rebellion were addressed, not to the Servians, but to the Czechs of Bohemia; and the agitation which they produced has only been recently suspended by the ostensible reconciliation of the two Imperial Courts. It is possible, and not improbable, that the conspiracy which was organized by the Russian Government may since have allied itself with some of the revolutionary religious and political sects which undermine Russian society; but all the effective aid which has been given to Serbia, with the partial exception of money contributions, proceeds not from the secret or public Societies, but from the Government. The Slavonic Committees can neither give furloughs to soldiers, nor promise to officers who violate the laws of neutrality the retention of their rank and pay. All the Societies in Russia would be powerless to counteract an order from the War Office that the Russians in Serbia should return instantly to their regiments. It is difficult to believe that in 1875 the sovereign of a country which, in the estimation of the *Spectator*, represents Christianity can be influenced by fear of assassination. If one of the most shameless and causeless wars recorded in history is declared, the EMPEROR and his Ministers will be exclusively responsible in the first instance for a gigantic crime, though the English accessories before the fact will also incur deep moral guilt. It is not impossible that, if the Russian Government yields to the temptation of lust of conquest, the secret Societies which it will have tolerated and stimulated may hereafter become the instruments of punishment. Bishop STROSSMAYER, in a letter which has been recently published, while he approved of Russian intervention in the Turkish provinces, both expressed an opinion that the permanent rule of Russia would be worse than that of Turkey, and complacently foretold as the result of the enterprise the destruction of the Russian Empire. It is a bad reason for an aggressive war that it may perhaps ultimately prove ruinous to the conqueror. If the Emperor ALEXANDER persists in the policy which is indicated by his vast military preparations, it will be certain that he and his advisers have no present apprehension of the fulfilment of Bishop STROSSMAYER's adverse forebodings.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

THE people of the United States may at the present moment well excite the envy of Europe. While the peace of this quarter of the world is threatened by an ambitious Power for exclusively selfish objects, America is enjoying a mild political excitement which has no tendency to disturb the repose of the most timid or most sanguine citizen. In two or three weeks the election of a new President will be virtually completed, although his formal appointment will be deferred to the spring. Dr. JOHNSON exaggerated the political indifference of his countrymen when he asserted that no man would make a worse dinner in consequence of any public misfortune. Many English-

men at the present moment are as seriously unhappy and anxious as if their own private interests were immediately affected by the ambition of foreign potentates and by the folly of some English politicians. The Americans are not less earnest or less patriotic; and the renewal of such a crisis as that of the Civil War would be felt by millions as a personal misfortune; but an eminently practical nation declines to make itself unhappy because one of two parties may outvote the other on a comparatively insignificant issue. In the last week of the Indiana canvass nine hundred Republican meetings were held in the State; and hundreds of thousands of voters listened to the eloquence of perhaps two thousand impassioned orators. The Democrats, who ultimately proved to be the winners, were probably not less active; but at the present time Indiana is as calm as Kent, except perhaps that the evenly balanced vote may encourage the Republicans to make another struggle in the contest for the choice of Presidential electors. The Republicans have elected a Secretary of State in Ohio by about the same majority which gave to Indiana a Democratic Governor. In Ohio there may perhaps have been other hundreds of meetings; and at one of them great enthusiasm was excited by the appearance of a favourite orator at the head of a procession mounted on an elephant elegantly decorated with ribbons. The Democrats had paid Indiana the compliment of nominating Mr. HENDRICKS for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. HAYES, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, is a citizen of Ohio. The speeches during the canvass dwelt, if a judgment of their contents can be formed from the study of a few specimens, rather on the future Presidential election than on the immediate contest. The State candidate of the Republican party in Indiana was the son of a former President of the United States; but his opponent, who has earned a popular nickname by affecting a rustic simplicity of attire, may perhaps have been personally preferred by the farmers with whom he strove to identify himself. It is not the custom in the United States to pay much attention to the qualifications of candidates for office. Secondary issues have also little tendency to interfere with the trial of strength between great contending parties. Conflicting doctrines on currency and on prohibitory liquor laws may perhaps have influenced a few votes in the late contests; but it is thought that the comparative forces of the Republicans and the Democrats are, on the whole, accurately indicated by the result.

The consequence of the drawn battle in the two great North-Western States will be that the Presidential election will probably be determined by the votes of New York and Pennsylvania; and the chances are in favour of a Democratic victory in one State and of a Republican victory in the other. It is barely possible that the great and merited reputation of Mr. ADAMS may enable him to defeat his Republican opponent in the contest for the Governorship of Massachusetts; and a Democratic triumph in the State election would raise a doubt as to the vote of Massachusetts in the more important election of a President. The Democrats have but little to expect from New England, although they may possibly succeed in Connecticut. If they can carry New York, it is calculated that they may probably obtain the 185 votes which will constitute the necessary majority of Presidential electors. For many years past the State of New York has, with some variations, inclined to the Democratic party, and it may be presumed that the Democratic nominee will derive some advantage from his position as actual Governor of the State. His Republican predecessor, General DIX, in a late speech at Indianapolis, admitted that he felt confidence in Mr. TILDEN when he first succeeded to the office of Governor. Although General DIX bears a high character, it may be conjectured that his subsequent change of opinion is due as much to political feeling as to disapproval of Mr. TILDEN's administrative conduct. The superficial nature of the interest which is felt in the approaching election is oddly illustrated by the outrageous attacks which have been made on Mr. TILDEN's personal character, and by the apparent indifference of his friends and enemies to the grossest accusations. The *New York Times*, which is the chief Republican organ, has for a long time past daily described Mr. TILDEN as a perjurer, a swindler, and in other respects a criminal of the meanest type. Sympathetic correspondents constantly furnish details of additional iniquities, the latest and lightest accusation being his supposed plea of the Statute of Limitations to an action for a tradesman's bill. There is no reason to

suppose that since the beginning of the calumnies Mr. TILDEN has lost a single supporter; and, on the other hand, libels, which in any other country would be regarded as intolerable, seem to excite no moral indignation. Some zealous Democrats have thought that the attack upon Mr. TILDEN would be most effectually parried by imputations on the private character of Mr. HAYES. The future President will therefore in any case have been accused of gross and vulgar crimes. It can scarcely be supposed that the people of the State of New York would be content to recognize a common swindler as their chief magistrate, or that half the population of the Union would vote for the same person as President if they believed any part of the imputations upon his character. If Mr. TILDEN becomes President, even the most factious journalists will probably discover that it is not desirable to announce to the outside world that the first person in the Republic is a perjured thief. At present, scandalous charges are held to be proofs of the adroitness of their inventors, who perhaps neither hope nor wish that their statements should be believed.

As both parties in New York, and both the candidates for the Presidency, profess sound opinions on the question of the currency, the only important point of difference is the policy which is to be adopted towards the South. On this and on other points the election of a President is only important as it tests the strength of contending parties. The Democrats, on the whole, sympathize with the white inhabitants of the South, while the Republicans feel or profess solicitude for the interests of the negroes. No better proof can be given of the inevitable political predominance of a superior race than the admitted certainty that nearly all the Southern States will support the Democratic candidate. It is possible that equal justice would be best secured by the continued supremacy of the Republicans; but the President alone can do little or nothing for the benefit of either class of the Southern population. The military occupation of South Carolina by Federal troops will probably ensure in that State the success of the Republicans; but the PRESIDENT's wilful interference with freedom of election will do harm to his party in the North, for which the vote of South Carolina will furnish no compensation. Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, formerly Governor of New York and Democratic candidate for the Presidency, lately reminded his party, in a remarkable speech, that the Senate will still be Republican for some years, whatever may be the result of the impending election. He even hinted an opinion that the public interests would be most effectually secured by the control exercised by a Republican Senate over a Democratic President. The doctrine of a balance of political forces, though it was incessantly present to the minds of the founders of the Republic, has not been favoured by modern speculators on the theory of government. It is evidently inconvenient when a paternal Government is expected to take a principal part in regulating the affairs of docile subjects; but the Americans have improved on the English dislike to be governed, and perhaps they may think it more essential that a President should be restrained from mischief than that he should enjoy large facilities for doing good. The Democrats at present have a commanding majority in the House of Representatives, and consequently agitation is difficult and rare. Even if they retain their advantage at the next election for Congress, the Senate will still be able to check the President on one side and the House of Representatives on the other. Both parties profess a desire for reform in the civil service, and in any attempt to effect such improvement the co-operation of the President will be necessary. It may be doubted whether even the best intentions will enable him to effect any considerable change. General GRANT on his first accession to office tried to exercise an independent judgment; but he was thwarted and overborne by his political allies, and he soon substituted a partnership in the distribution of patronage for a troublesome patronage of merit. If the Republicans support Mr. HAYES or the Democrats support Mr. TILDEN in a comprehensive reform of the civil service, either party will have sacrificed its most cherished traditions. A Democratic President invented the saying that the spoils belong to the victors, and the Republicans have now for sixteen years consistently adhered to the precedent which they found in operation. It is fortunate that English observers are not tempted to commit the impertinence of becoming partisans in an American political contest.

AN INCOME-TAX IN FRANCE.

M. GAMBETTA has drawn up a Report on behalf of a section of the Budget Committee of which he is President, and the substance of his Report is that an Income-tax ought to be introduced into the general scheme of French finance; that such a tax may be made sweeping and equitable, so as to touch every one and hurt nobody; and that by its introduction a relief which has become almost indispensable may be given to the pressure of indirect taxation. The position which M. GAMBETTA occupies must be taken into consideration when this Report is criticized. He is not like an English Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has his own secrets; who, if he gives painful surprises by proposing new taxes, gives also pleasant surprises by taking taxes off; who has a Ministerial party to support him, and who fails if he does not carry his measures. M. GAMBETTA does nothing more than make suggestions. He is not a Minister; it is not his business to see that what he proposes shall, if possible, be adopted. Being President of the Budget Committee, he has a sort of semi-official opportunity of making his views on the expediency of establishing an Income-tax widely known. But he cannot, even in making his recommendations, speak of the Income-tax only. As he has not to decide, but to suggest what shall be done, he has to consider his financial problems from many different points of view. That many of the indirect taxes put on in haste to maintain the public credit after the war are very oppressive to particular industries, and injure the country more than they benefit the revenue, is conceded on all hands. Part of M. GAMBETTA's proposals, therefore, refers to the indirect taxes that ought to be removed or lessened. He submits the project of a law by which it is laid down what taxes shall be dealt with, and in what order, as soon as the state of the revenue permits. The extra tax on salt, the duties on soap, oil, and candles, and on the transport of goods, are to be done away with; those on wine, spirits, postage, and other articles are to be lessened. It is not only if the Income-tax is imposed that this improvement is contemplated as possible. It may be possible to readjust indirect taxation if the five per cent. debt can be converted into a debt at a lower rate of interest; or the mere growth of the revenue may give an opportunity of relieving the interests which suffer most at present. The proposal to establish an Income-tax is therefore made under a considerable disadvantage. It is one thing to say that, if an unpopular tax is accepted, great relief can be given in another direction, and it is a different thing to say that, while the relief must come in one way or another, the unpopular tax is the best way of securing it. This accounts for the peculiar shape which M. GAMBETTA's proposals and arguments assume. He strives to show that France already has an Income-tax, but that it is an unfair one. He accordingly undertakes to explain what is theoretically the fairest form that an Income-tax can assume, and his notion of an Income-tax is therefore much more comprehensive than any we are accustomed to in England. On the other hand, as the Income-tax is only one of several competing remedies, he makes as light as possible of those objections to it which are the chief source of its unpopularity. He tries to persuade himself and his readers that it need not be inquisitorial, and that somehow the Government will get all it ought to get, while the taxpayers will not have to fear any painful inspection of their personal affairs.

Before the late war direct taxation in France fell under four heads. There was the tax on real property—so many centimes in the franc on property according to its valuation in the cadastres or local registers. It has long been acknowledged that these cadastres want revising, and that property which has improved in value escapes a proportional payment. Then there was the tax on doors and windows, varying according to the size of the towns in which the houses were situated. Thirdly, there was a tax of three days' wages, varying according to the departments, the day's wages being taken at the lowest at fifty centimes and at the highest at one franc fifty centimes, and also a tax of so much in the franc on the rent paid by occupiers. Lastly, there was a tax on patents or licences to trade or exercise a profession, those taxed being divided into eight classes, and the nature and extent of the buildings occupied being taken as the main indication of how much was to be paid. After the war a new tax of three per cent. was imposed on the shares and obligations of Com-

panies and on municipal loans. To this scheme of direct taxation M. GAMBETTA objects that it is not fair, that it rests on no principle, that one man pays while his equally wealthy neighbour escapes, that such a rude method of estimating the taxation to be imposed as that of looking at the buildings where the taxpayers live is absurd, and that, in short, some who ought to pay pay nothing, while some who do pay pay too little and others too much. In reply, so far as it is a reply, it may be remarked that the whole system is based on the wish to get out of the taxpayers as much as is possible without looking into their private concerns. To use an obsolete cadastre as a guide to taxation, to tax windows and doors, to judge of the profits of a shop-keeper or a doctor by the size and character of the building he occupies, is theoretically absurd; but practically it gets money out of the public without prying into the real extent of private incomes. It was not a fair system, but it was not an unpopular one. M. GAMBETTA, having made up his mind that the real extent of private incomes must be disclosed, is able to suggest very many improvements, so as to make the distribution of direct taxes equitable. He lays down the fundamental proposition that every one must pay direct taxes in proportion to his means of paying them. In the first place, he asserts that the principal inequality in the incidence of the taxes on landed property is that property which has been built on has not been treated as being augmented in value; and he wishes therefore to have the two kinds of property separated, and the taxes laid on them respectively kept distinct. Persons engaged in trades or professions are to make a return of their actual receipts, and to be taxed accordingly. So, too, are annuitants, officials, and all persons earning salaries or wages, a deduction of the mere bare cost of living in the humblest possible way being allowed. Personal property, too, in the shape of furniture, pictures, plate—all, in short, that people buy for enjoyment—is to be taxed by an annual impost on its capital value. Lastly, not only are shares in Companies and the interest on municipal loans to be taxed, but the fundholder is to pay as well as his neighbours. M. GAMBETTA used to be very much opposed to taxing the fundholder, as he thought it injurious to the public credit. But he has altered his views. His system to be symmetrical must be complete, and if the principle is adopted that every one is to pay according to his means, the fundholder must pay as well as every one else.

Very plausible arguments might be brought forward to show that M. GAMBETTA'S principle is the right principle, and that his mode of carrying it out is logical. But we in England have never yet attempted to get an Income-tax levied on the principle of strict equity. There is no reason why an artisan should not pay Income-tax on his wages beyond the cost of bare subsistence, except that practically he would not consent to pay, and no Government would venture to try to make him pay. We get, in fact, further away every year from a strictly equitable Income-tax, and yield to the remonstrances of class after class which vows that it is very poor and does not like paying. Again, there is perhaps theoretically no reason why a man should not pay a tax on his pictures as well as on his carriage. Neither yields him a money income, and both are marketable articles conducive to pleasure. But people do not like disclosing their whole apparatus of domestic life at the command of a Government official. A carriage is seen out of doors, and a picture is not; and, although this is a mere sentimental difference, yet it is sentiment that makes a tax popular or unpopular. M. GAMBETTA sees the difficulty, but he does not meet it. He never tells us how the truth of such returns as taxpayers choose to make is to be checked without the State making inquisitions which would be very unpopular. We in England are aware how much fraud there is in the returns of persons exercising trades and professions. When we look at M. GAMBETTA'S Report to see how this very difficult part of the subject is treated, we find him mildly recommending that a Sub-Commission, of which he is not a member, should say how the income of such persons is to be ascertained. When we come to his tax on furniture and pictures, we find him laying down the rule that the sanctity of the domestic hearth is not to be invaded. The Government officials are not to know how much furniture a man has got, but are to guess it by computing how much furniture a man living in a certain house would be likely to have, and by inquiring the amount for which he has insured his furni-

ture. Ruder methods of guessing could not be conceived, and the incidence of taxation framed in accordance with them could not possibly be equitable. What M. GAMBETTA tries to persuade his countrymen is that a perfectly equitable Income-tax is a practical possibility, and that logically they ought to prefer a perfectly equitable Income-tax to their present inequitable system of indirect taxation. If he succeeds in this, we shall honour the French for their obedience to logic; but that he will succeed seems to us, with our English experience of an Income-tax, improbable in a very high degree.

CANADA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

LORD DUFFERIN has done all that he could to persuade British Columbia that it has not been quite so badly treated as it thinks, and that, however badly it may have been treated, it has no choice but to accept the crumbs which the Canadian Government is willing to throw to it. Where Lord DUFFERIN fails it is safe to assume that no one would have succeeded. His speech at Victoria was as conciliatory and as soothing as a speech could be. He said all that a Governor-General of a Confederation ought to say in addressing an ill-used province when he is unable to offer it any substantial redress. The pastoral resources and the agricultural capabilities of the country, the extraordinary facilities for navigation afforded by its coast line, its inexhaustible forests, its vast mineral wealth, were all touched on with singular felicity of expression. And then, after all these advantages had been enumerated, he wisely anticipated the question, Of what use are these resources to British Columbia so long as the province is cut off by a trackless waste from the rest of the Federation with which it is politically united? Having thus taken the bull by the horns, Lord DUFFERIN did not attempt to make out that the horns were not unpleasantly sharp. He avoided the blunder, into which a less skilful diplomatist might have fallen, of trying to show that the injury inflicted on British Columbia by Canada was no such great injury after all. He answered his own question with perfect frankness. These resources can be of very little use so long as the railway upon the construction of which British Columbia counted when it entered into the Confederation remains uncompleted.

When you have disposed one of the parties to a quarrel to listen to you by admitting that he has right on his side, the next step is to persuade him that the other side is not quite so much in the wrong as he has been accustomed to think. If Lord DUFFERIN was less happy in this part of his speech, his ill-success must be set down to the impracticable nature of his subject. It is impossible to see a shadow of justification, it is difficult to see even a shadow of excuse, for the conduct of the Canadian Government in this business. British Columbia joined the Dominion on the definite engagement of the Canadian Government to construct a railway across the North American Continent. As this bargain has been repudiated by the successors of the Ministry which entered into it, and as British Columbia has consented to accept a substitute, there would be no need to recall this part of the story if it were not to show how especially careful it behoved the Canadian Government to be not to incur a second charge of breach of faith. Unfortunately the Canadian Government has not taken this view of its duty. Mr. MACKENZIE, the Minister who had repudiated the original undertaking, did indeed introduce a Bill to give effect to the substituted undertaking, and carried it through the Canadian House of Commons. But the Bill had to pass the Council as well as the House of Commons, and in this second stage Mr. MACKENZIE was beaten. The Council rejected the later arrangement as coolly as the Ministry had rejected the earlier one, and Lord DUFFERIN had to persuade his hearers that the Canadian Government was not to blame for this second shipwreck. He tried to do this by arguing that the Ministry, who were the real parties to the bargain, had virtually fulfilled it by introducing a Bill to give effect to it, and that the fact that this Bill had been thrown out by one branch of the Legislature did not affect the action of the Ministry. The obvious answer is that British Columbia knows nothing of Mr. MACKENZIE or of the Canadian Council. Its dealings are with the Canadian Government, and it is the business of the Canadian Government to take care that its engagements are not disowned by those whose

consent is necessary to their fulfilment. Mr. MACKENZIE has not even taken the means which are at the disposal of a Canadian Prime Minister to induce the Council to pass the Bill. He has not dissolved Parliament and appealed to the electors to show by their votes that they do not wish to wriggle out of the compromise which their Ministers have accepted on their behalf. Lord DUFFERIN excuses Mr. MACKENZIE for not taking this straightforward course by the plea that its adoption would not have altered the position of affairs. "Canada at large," he says, "whether rightly or wrongly, has unmistakably shown its approval of the vote of the Senate." But "Canada at large" cannot be held to have had the question properly placed before it. It is one thing to approve of the rejection of a Bill which would involve a considerable public expenditure, when no inconvenience threatens to follow upon its rejection, and it is another thing to approve of the rejection of a Bill when this rejection involves the resignation of the Minister who is responsible for the Bill, and who on other points must be supposed to be popular with the electors. It is true that Lord DUFFERIN says that Mr. MACKENZIE's resignation would be so inconvenient to the public that he should have great difficulty in accepting it. But, if Mr. MACKENZIE insisted on making his continuance in office depend on the ratification by the electors of the undertaking with British Columbia, Lord DUFFERIN would be forced to yield; and it may be doubted whether any consideration of public convenience can be of sufficient importance to outweigh the need of maintaining a high standard of Ministerial honour. Mr. MACKENZIE had pledged himself to carry out the CARNARVON compromise, and it is hard to see how he can retain power with any dignity now that he is unable to perform what he has promised. If the country really values his services, it will not grudge the price at which those services are to be had; and no Minister can be blamed for making it a condition of giving his services, that he shall not be shown to the world as a breaker of pledges.

Both on public and private grounds, therefore, Mr. MACKENZIE's conduct seems to be indefensible. It is at least possible that, if he were to tell the electors that he could not remain at the head of affairs unless they showed sufficient confidence in him to ratify the bargain he has made on their behalf, the electors would recall that unmistakable approval of the vote of the Council which, according to Lord DUFFERIN, they have shown. So long as the PRIME MINISTER sits quiet under this unmistakable approval of a policy which is not his policy, the electors cannot be expected to see the question in its true light. If they found that they could not both break faith with British Columbia and have Mr. MACKENZIE for their Minister, they might have their eyes in some degree opened to the meanness of the part which Canada is now playing. On the other hand, supposing that they showed themselves so indifferent to the benefit of retaining Mr. MACKENZIE as Minister as not to choose to ratify the bargain he has made for them, it is plainly better, for the credit alike of Mr. MACKENZIE and of the Canadian Government, that the repudiation of the agreement with British Columbia should be carried out by another Minister than the one who is responsible for the conclusion of the agreement. It is the more important that the PRIME MINISTER should take this course because he seems not to be quite free from the suspicion of having welcomed the rejection of his own Bill. He had originally opposed the project of a railway across the continent; and, though he assented to the compromise by which Canada undertook to make a railroad across part of the continent, instead of across the whole of it, he may be supposed to have only accepted it as the least of two evils. Still, having accepted it, he is as much bound to do all in his power to carry it out as though he had been an eager supporter of it in the first instance. As yet Mr. MACKENZIE has certainly not taken the obvious means of proving that he is really in earnest.

Supposing that Canada continues to repudiate her engagement, and that British Columbia continues to refuse what is alleged to be the wholly inadequate compensation of 250,000*l.*, there is nothing to prevent British Columbia from seceding from the Canadian Federation. Of course the consent of the Crown must first be had; but it is difficult to see how the Crown could refuse its consent to a petition of this kind. If British Columbia does not choose to remain united with Canada, there is no means of compelling her to remain united with Canada. It would be a matter of great regret if she should insist on breaking up the Dominion; but it is impossible to deny that the blame

of the disruption would rest on the head of Canada. It is possible that the Canadians may show more regard for the maintenance of the Federation than they have shown for the maintenance of their own character for good faith.

ENGLISHMEN IN INDIA.

THE *Times* of Monday contained a strong protest against the imputations on the English in India alleged to be conveyed in Lord LYTTON's Minute on the FULLER case and in Lord SALISBURY's speech at Cooper's Hill. This protest is expressed with so much force and with such evident sincerity that, though the author of it does not give his name, it deserves careful consideration. "We Englishmen in India," he says, "are accused of 'coldness full of injustice' towards natives in general, 'and of ill-treatment of our servants in particular.'" These charges the writer maintains to be "based on no evidence 'worthy of the name.'" The statements made, first by the SECRETARY OF STATE and then by the VICEROY, are "utterly 'without foundation.'" It should be observed that this assertion is more sweeping than the facts appear to justify. The writer of the letter in the *Times* seems to have expected to find in Lord LYTTON's Minute a complete enumeration of the facts which, in the VICEROY's estimation, were supposed to call for remark. It is not the custom, however, of great Ministers of State to set out at length the reasons that have led them to a particular conclusion. Lord LYTTON's censure probably embodied the impression made on him by a large number of observations, all pointing in the same direction. Some of these observations may have been made by himself, but the bulk of them would necessarily have been made by others, and have been conveyed to him in books and in conversations, as well as in direct representations. When the conviction thus created in his mind was suddenly borne out, as he thought, by the incidents of the FULLER case, it was exceedingly natural that he should allow it to appear in his Minute. Still the subject of his Minute was not the conduct of the English in India towards the natives, but a particular and extreme instance of that conduct. There was no need therefore to append to it a long array of testimony, much of which could not have been collected together at short notice, and all of which would have been impertinent to the matter immediately in hand. Lord SALISBURY's speech, again, did not profess to furnish the evidence on which his charge was founded; it only conveyed to the students a general estimate of the behaviour of their predecessors towards the natives, and mentioned a particular piece of corroborative testimony. Consequently, the assertions of the VICEROY and of the SECRETARY OF STATE on the one side, and of the writer of the letter to the *Times* on the other, stand on precisely the same footing. They are all statements of facts which rest in the first instance on the sole authority of their respective authors, and which must mainly depend for credibility on the opportunities which their authors have had of ascertaining the facts about which they speak.

The writer of the letter asserts that, according to his experience, "the tone of Englishmen towards natives 'is one of great kindness and consideration.'" With one exception, he thinks, "they like and respect each other"; and, as regards this one exception, the modern educated native, the only reason why he and the European do not like and respect each other is the native's own "supernatural conceit and impertinence." Lord SALISBURY and Lord LYTTON certainly cannot claim the experience which is supplied by a lifetime spent in India. But the Secretary of State and the Governor-General pass their official lives in an atmosphere which is charged with the experience of scores of lives spent in India. From the moment that Lord SALISBURY became Secretary of State for India, and that Lord LYTTON was appointed Viceroy, it may be supposed that neither of them lost any opportunity of adding to their knowledge of the country they were about to govern; and one of the points on which they would be most likely to wish to satisfy themselves would be the attitude of the English in India towards the natives. Ever since the transfer of the Government from the Company to the Crown, this has been one of the subjects most calculated to interest every student of Indian politics. In the old Civil Service men were appointed very young, and they were usually taken from families to which custom and tradition had made India a

second home. In the new Civil Service the appointments were obtained by competition, and the field was thrown open to all the subjects of the QUEEN. The most ardent advocates of this change might reasonably feel some uneasiness at its effect upon the relations between the governors and the governed, and the close scrutiny to which these relations have subsequently been submitted has probably extended beyond the actual members of the Civil Service. It has embraced not only the governing class but the governing race. The results of this scrutiny are open to the Secretary of State and to the Viceroy as they are open to no one else. All the best intelligence and the longest experience of the Indian services are at their disposal. There is not a man in any of those services whom they cannot call into counsel if they will, and there is not a man in them who would not be pleased and eager to tell them all he knows or believes upon the question. To infuse your own opinions into the Viceroy or the Secretary of State is to give them the best chance they can have of becoming fruitful, and this consideration would of itself dispose every official to tell the Viceroy or the Secretary of State all that can determine his decision in the way they wish it to go. However true, therefore, it may be in form that the allegation of ill-treatment of natives by Europeans rests on the unsupported statement of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy, it is impossible that it should be true in fact. In matters of this importance there can be no such thing as an unsupported assertion of either of these personages. Their assertions are the final conclusions drawn from a vast body of testimony to which they alone have access, and it is idle to set against them the really unsupported assertion of any single Anglo-Indian, no matter how eminent he may be, or how numerous may have been his opportunities of getting at the truth. Many of the statements made with respect to the conduct of the Anglo-Indians towards the natives may be exaggerated or false; but it is in the highest degree improbable that all of them are false. To suppose that they are so is to suppose that upon one of the most momentous subjects of Indian experience the most competent experts, whether in India or in England, are altogether mistaken.

The letter in the *Times* gives some incidental support to the very theory which the writer seeks to overthrow. It was impossible in criticizing the contents of Lord LYTTON's Minute to say nothing about the event which gave occasion to it. The FULLER case is accordingly described in these terms:—"In the early part of this year at Agra, a pleader (either European or half-caste, I do not know which) accidentally killed a native." And then, later on, it is said that the Anglo-Indian press "has with one voice" deplored the accident." It is not likely that any one reading this letter, without previous acquaintance with the facts, would derive from it the knowledge that the "accident" in question consisted of a blow given by this pleader to his native servant, and that death followed almost immediately upon the blow. Mr. FULLER may have been rightly charged with the lighter of the two offences which his act could possibly constitute; but, in anything professing to be an impartial account of what happened, some mention of the circumstance that the "accident" was really the consequence of an intentional blow might fairly have been looked for. The letter treats the FULLER case as though the servant had died from being run over by his master's carriage, or kicked by one of his master's horses. The fact that his death was immediately preceded by a blow from his master's hand is not considered to deserve mention or even allusion. It was an accident, and nothing more. It is difficult not to suspect that, if the tables had been turned, and it had been the groom who struck his master instead of the master who struck his groom, more would have been heard of this feature of the case.

With the lesser complaints put forward by the writer of the letter it is more easy to sympathize. If it is true that there are scores of appointments which, even if the rupee is reckoned at two shillings, are "less highly paid than equivalent posts in England," and that on all sides "officers, educated gentlemen, of fifteen and twenty years' standing, are just able to make the two ends meet by 'dint of the most rigid economy,'" there is assuredly good cause for remonstrance. It is scarcely possible to suppose that the salaries of the various officers were fairly fixed at the sums which they now represent only in name, and yet that the decline in the value of silver should be allowed to fall on their shoulders. The Government of India must

be understood to pay its servants not merely so much silver, but so much silver's worth; and, supposing that by some new discovery the value of silver was reduced to zero, it would not be consistent with the spirit of the bargain to insist on the accustomed salaries being paid in a shape which no longer represented any exchangeable value. In its degree this holds equally good of that partial fall which has reduced the value of silver by something like twenty-five per cent. That the seeds which the writer says have been sown in Anglo-Indian hearts by Lord LYTTON's Minute or Lord SALISBURY's speech can be uprooted by a word is not possible. If discontent has been caused, it has not been caused unadvisedly, and cannot therefore be removed unadvisedly. But there is no need to make this discontent more bitter by providing that it shall be felt by men who have at the same time just reason to complain of the mistaken economy of their rulers.

HEALTHY HOUSES.

THERE is no reason to suppose that Mr. DE LA RUE's letter in the *Times* will have any influence on the great body of householders. All that it contains has been said again and again, and, though Mr. DE LA RUE can claim the merit of having defined both the evil and the remedy with great clearness and precision, the indifference to sanitary laws which is universal except in moments of occasional panic will probably be proof against his arguments. It seems impossible to make people understand that, as regards houses already inhabited, it ordinarily rests with the tenant to make them healthy. In some cases, no doubt, the drainage of the district is defective, and when there is no means of getting rid of the sewage itself, no expedients for keeping the gas arising from it out of the house can be expected to be effectual. But in London, at all events, this is an exceptional state of things, and most large towns either now are, or soon will be, in the same position as London. The country will then be roughly divided into country districts, where every house has its own system of drainage; towns where the sewage is removed by the town authorities; and places standing midway between the two, in which the houses are too close together to allow of each being a law unto itself, and yet too far apart to suggest any common action. It is with the second of these divisions that Mr. DE LA RUE's letter mainly deals. There is much in it that bears on the other two divisions, inasmuch as the general principles of ventilation and disconnection are the same, no matter under what difference of circumstances they are applied. But it is the inhabitant of London and of other great towns that most needs to be told that when he has paid his main drainage rate, and seen his street rendered impassable for some weeks, he has not done all that is required of him if he wishes to keep his family healthy. In the country people are more accustomed to look after themselves. They do not assume, whenever they see the road in front of their windows blocked, that "the men are doing something with the drains," and consequently they are free from that false sense of security which is nurtured by the knowledge that something is being done. In London, supposing the drainage of the district to be all right, the immunity of the inhabitants from diseases generated by contact with sewage matter will depend on the success of the occupier in preventing any escape of sewer gas into his house.

This is usually a point upon which householders take no care at all. They seldom know where their drains run, or what condition they are in; and, even if they have satisfied themselves upon these points, they are probably quite ignorant whether any outlet has been provided for the gas which is constantly seeking to find its entrance into the warmer air of the rooms, or whether the channels by which the sewage of the house is conveyed into the drains are not themselves so many inlets for this gas. Occasionally their nose tells them that something is wrong, or the repetition of the plumber's bill suggests that no one has yet got to the bottom of the mischief. When this happens, there is a good deal of grumbling at the landlord or the builder; but as neither of these can be made in any way responsible for shortcomings which, to say the least, have long since been condoned, the outcry usually ends in a little more tinkering or in a liberal expenditure upon disinfectants. It may be quite true that landlords ought to be compelled to put their houses into proper sanitary condition before letting

them. But a measure of this kind cannot be made retrospective; and, if it were not retrospective, it would have no result, so far as existing houses are concerned. The landlord has let, and the tenant has taken, the house with such drainage, or absence of drainage, as was to be found in it when the tenancy began; and the latter cannot now make stipulations which he did not make when he was free either to take the house or to leave it. If, however, he will look at improvements in drainage in the same light as that in which he looks at repainting the walls or repapering the rooms, he will probably not find himself very much out of pocket. The work, when once done, will last for a very long time; and he will secure solid advantages in the way of health which may enable him to keep down his doctor's bill by more than the same amount. If every occupier of a decent London dwelling would ask himself at how many points there is a communication between the house and the drains, and what precautions have been taken to make them safe, he would probably find in the first instance that he was quite unable to answer these questions. There is no need, however, that he should long remain in this state of ignorance. Wherever water passes away from the house it must find its way into the sewer, and the only ways in which this discharge can be rendered harmless are by making it discharge itself in the open air, where that is possible, or, where that is not possible, by ventilating the pipes through which it discharges itself. If the occupier will be at the trouble of considering where these discharges take place, and when they do not take place in the open air, of observing whether the pipes through which they pass have other pipes running up from them with an outlet into the air above, he will at once know whether his house is secure against sewer gas. If it is not secure, he will be a voluntary sufferer, and, more, a voluntary inflicter of suffering on others, if he allows it to remain insecure any longer.

If this were all that could be said on the subject, there would be but little use in saying it here. Wisdom in matters of sanitary arrangement must be gained, like wisdom in other personal matters, by individual experience and suffering. Journalists and experts may preach until they are tired, and yet no improvement come of it. But this is not all that is to be said on the subject. All the houses in the country this year are not all the houses that will be in the country next year, and it does not follow, because the improvement of existing houses must in most cases be left to the occupiers, that the improvement of houses not yet in existence must also be left to the occupiers. Nothing indeed could be more absurd, though, for anything that yet appears to the contrary, nothing is more probable, than that houses should continue to be built with a complete apparatus of sanitary shortcomings to be supplied by those who have to live in them. There is no necessary connexion between the *laissez-faire* principle as applied to existing houses and the *laissez-faire* principle as applied to future houses. In the one case a variety of contracts have been entered into, all of which are based on the *status quo*. As regards drainage, the owner has bought his houses with all their faults. He has let them with all their faults; and to hold him responsible for their faults would be to assume a right of varying the terms of contracts which would be exceedingly prejudicial to the public interest considered as a precedent. In the other case no contracts have been entered into. The builder is free to charge what he likes for the houses; the landlord is free to ask what rents he likes for them; the tenant is free to accept or refuse the landlord's terms.

The only effect of insisting on conformity to certain sanitary conditions in the case of every new house would be to raise the average of rents; and, as regards the community, it is plainly better that men should pay more for their houses and live healthy lives in them than that they should pay less for them and live unhealthy lives in them. Custom has made us familiar with a certain class of stipulations with respect to house-building. There is nothing strange in requiring that houses shall not be built with less than a certain thickness of wall, or with less than a certain distance between them and the opposite houses. It is admitted that the public will suffer by houses falling on their inmates, no matter how much the rents may be reduced in consideration of the probability of such a catastrophe, or by houses being so placed that there is no room for any circulation of air between them. When once it is ascertained that there are certain

requirements in the matter of drainage which are in every way as essential to the health of the community as those other requirements which are already recognized as essential, there will be no more difficulty in insisting on conformity to them than there is now in insisting that houses shall not be built with bricks an inch thick. It may be objected that this lands us in the old impossibility of convincing people that good drainage is indispensable to health. But there is this difference between the two cases. To convince the occupiers of existing houses that they ought to look to their drainage is to convince them that they ought to spend money which they had never expected to spend, and which, when spent, will leave no visible results behind it. To convince Parliament that it ought to enact that no new houses shall be allowed to be occupied unless they satisfy certain rudimentary conditions in the matter of drainage entails no additional outlay on the makers of the law; while those on whom a small additional outlay is imposed will have the means of recouping themselves for what they are compelled to spend. The provision of ventilating pipes, and the discharge of water through a trap the mouth of which is situated in the open air, instead of inside the house, can be neither costly nor inconvenient in the case of new houses. A few additional feet of lead pipe and a slight alteration of arrangement will be all that is needed for either purpose. As soon as builders understand that, until these things have been provided, they will not be allowed to let their houses for occupation, they will provide them as a matter of course, and when the provision of them becomes universal, it will cease to be costly. To deal with houses already built involves a number of difficult questions. To deal with future houses involves nothing of the sort. To a Parliament which has passed the Merchant Shipping Act, the passing of a Building Act which should at least prevent the further multiplication of sources of disease ought to be a mere pastime.

INTERJECTIONS.

THERE are two opposite views of the purposes of language by which the virtue and dignity of the interjection must stand or fall. It is the only part of speech that in any sense can be called a superfluity. Life could go on, men could say what they have to say, if they once got in the way of it, and they could write, without it; which is more than can reasonably be said of any other part of speech. In this sense, then, captious grammarians may, if they like, term it a superfluity. But people who so term it have not been content to treat it as a luxury of voice and tongue, but give it very hard names indeed. "The brutish inarticulate interjection," said Horne Tooke, "has nothing to do with speech, and is only the miserable refuge of the speechless. Without the artful contrivance of language, mankind would have nothing but interjections with which to communicate orally any of their feelings. The neighing of a horse, the lowing of a cow, the barking of a dog, the purring of a cat, sneezing, coughing, groaning, shrieking, and every other involuntary convulsion with oral sound, have almost as good a title to be called parts of speech as interjections." And, in accordance with this view, it has been said in grave treatises that, while there are occasions when even reasonable man is driven to the brute resource of the *viva voce* interjection—the *ah!* and *oh!*—in books it is invariably a base inutility and mere impertinence, as being always insufficient for the purpose of communicating thought. Real interjections, it is or was argued, are few in number—and this we agree to—and are never employed to convey truth of any kind. They are "not to be found amongst laws, in books of civil institutions, in history, or in any treatise of useful arts and sciences," while in novels, poetry, and plays they have generally an "effect which is ridiculous and disgusting."

Certainly the information, if any, conveyed by the interjection is indirect; it contributes little to what De Quincey distinguishes as the literature of knowledge, in opposition to the literature of power, the two being capable of a severe "insulation and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion." The function of the first is to *teach*; the function of the second is to *move*. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second possibly to the higher understanding, but always through the affections of pleasure and sympathy. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you on the same plane; the very first step in power is a flight. The defence of the interjection must, then, take high ground; though this must be granted to objectors, that in poor hands or feeble lips it is a mere miserable trick of speech, and persons who invariably begin their speech with an *Oh!* (a habit we have known) do possibly thereby betray a kinship with the lower creation. But in their case it only makes more manifest a flagrant and existing emptiness and fatuity, and therefore cannot be called inexpressive. But any one who has heard the inter-

jection in its ideal utterance will not deny to it the quality of power, of being the most condensed of all language. So George Eliot defines it, when certain deeds are described as "little more than interjections which give vent to the long passion of a life." The interjection, as being in a sense inarticulate, as needing an interpreter in the hearer, as suggestive to him of some vague want in himself, has in it the effect of instrumental music, which tells its tale without words and beyond words. There is a chord in the human soul that specially responds to this utterance. We are always wanting something in the nature of the unattainable. The function of the interjection is to express this longing. It is the sigh of humanity for what it cannot have or hope for; for what it has lost; for what it did not value till it had lost it. This Oh! not only demands sympathy, but is sympathetic in its turn. "Ah! sad and strange." "Oh! death in life"—the reader murmurs these words in self-pity, apart, as one may say, from the meaning of the context. And it is an appeal for sympathy which is humanizing, and compels the utterer to smooth his numbers. When is Mr. Browning more condescending to our prejudice in favour of tuneful verse than in that stanza beginning,

Oh! to be in England
Now that April's there!

Strictly speaking, there are but few interjections, for we cannot class in the number Behold! Well done! Hark! Hail! Farewell! Off! Avant! or any similar exclamations that can be lengthened into sentences. The interjection proper is an apostrophe, condensed into a syllable; a momentary digression, a blind appeal to the universe. When we say Behold! we address the eyes; when we say Hark! we address the ears of an audience or of a companion; the audience of a genuine interjection is impersonal:—

But O! for the touch of a vanished hand—
O! insupportable. O! heavy hour.
Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness!
O! what a weight is in these shades!

The interjection is the natural opening formula when speech would communicate with nature—not only with nature herself, but all her works, animate and inanimate, which can only be addressed through the feeling they awake in the poet:—"O nightingale!" "O cuckoo!" "O pious bird!" "O thievish night!" "O southern wind!" "O enviable early day!"

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves!

But poetry is made up of such examples. It is observable that only humanity uses the interjection. Birds and beasts in fable dispense with it; the gay creatures of the elements, the airy tongues that syllable men's names, have no use for it; and if the poet ever allows one to slip into the language of fairy or non-natural creations, it clearly is a slip. Witness the *Midsummer Night's Dream* throughout. Ariel, who makes some piteous appeals for liberty to Prospero, where certainly Ah! or Alas! would issue from mortal lips, utters not one. Titania does say "O" under infatuation; but her nature was demoralized by the noxious flower-juice. Pope's Ariel, through a long speech, keeps clear of such cries; but all at once in his summing up turns mortal, and moralizes with "Oh, blind to truth!" "Oh pious maid!" "I saw, alas!" Fairies, mermaids, nymphs know distinctly what they want, have no dim longings, no aspirations. The interjection would really be a superfluity in their grammar.

As eloquent people are most apt to feel their language come short of their needs, as still

there hover in these restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the best,
Which into words no virtue can digest;

they find great need of and use for the interjection. In their hands it is the passionate, the ineffable; it adds range, carries the hearer away into ultimate possibilities, opens out new views, gives point and meaning to all that has gone before. Observe how it enhances all assertions and all states of feeling:—"O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery"; "Oh! so white, oh! so soft, oh! so sweet is she"; "Oh! for a draught of vintage"; "Ah me! for all that ever I could read, &c.; "But you, O you, so perfect and so peerless." And to go to *Othello*, the very repertory and stronghold of the interjection:—"The pity of it, Iago, O, Iago! the pity of it"; "Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice"; "Ha! no more moving." All must recall Jeanie Deans's "Alack, alack!" at the supreme moment in her sister's trial, which Shakespeare also makes the resource of simplicity under new and thrilling experiences. And how much does the sentiment of Miranda owe to her simple, most natural resort to interjections in strong untried emotions. "Alack!" "O woe the day!" "Alas now! pray you work not so hard." Again, he recognizes their virtue and pathetic force in making "Alas!" Perdita's sole utterance on hearing the story of her mother's wrongs, "till from one sigh of dolour to another, she did with an *Alas!* I would fain say bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood." When language falls short of the vast demand upon it, then does the poet condense all into an articulate sigh and musical groan.

But the simplicity need not go very deep, nor need the sadness be more than feigned, that illustrates the merits of this resource. Pascal in his own person is the last to need it; but, representing the simple, artless inquirer, he calls in its aid with great effect. Having asked the names of those Jesuit fathers who superseded St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom in questions of morals, he is answered by a list of some fifty reigning casuists with Dutch outlandish names, ten times harsher than Colkitto or Gelas:—"O

mon père! lui dis-je tout effrayé, tous ces gens-là étoient-ils Chrétiens?" We see great virtue in this "O!" As also in the "Ah's" Pope bestowed upon his detractors:—

And monumental brass this record bears,
These are—ah! no! these were—the Gazetteers.

Again:—

Ah! Dennis; Gilden, ah! what ill-starred rage
Divides a friendship long confirmed by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

Age—the passage of time—is a great provoker of interjection:—

When I was young, ah! woeful when!

sighs Coleridge. And again:—

Ere I was old, ah! woeful ere!

And Pope, making one of his enemies ruminant on the same theme:—

And am I now threescore?
Ah! why ye gods should two and two make four?

Contempt and disgust, too, have their examples. Shall we find one in Mr. Browning's "G r r r," which opens and closes his *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister*? or in the "Hy, Zy, Hine, and Ho, he!" all certainly bearing out the epithet we have been disputing. His "Whew!" is a more familiar safety-valve. "Forsooth!" suggests itself to some tempers on irritating occasions. "Oho!" is exasperating self-felicitation on discovering a carefully guarded secret. Prose and verse alike illustrate the supreme provocative power of the interjection, its adaptation to the purposes of insult. There is a "Hai" in Molière's *Femmes Savantes* which lives in the memory. Belise, that anomaly in French society, an old maid, has the mania of thinking all men in love with her; and, one Clitandre having proposed for her niece, she gives her brother to understand that the niece is but a pretext to hide *d'autres feux*. "But who, then," asks he, "is this concealed object of love?" "Moi," replies Belise. "Vous?" exclaims Ariste. "Moi-même," is still the reply. "*Hai! ma sœur.*" "*Qu'est-ce donc que veut dire ce Hai?*" sharply responds the lady, who proceeds to justify the triumphs of her charms by a long list of other victims.

That cannot be called useless which cannot be done without, and in truth the interjection has got hold of every temper and all natures, and lends itself to every need; whether to fill up gaps of thought, or to open communication in slow minds, or to furnish vents to hasty ones. The patient Molly, we are told, always said "Lawks!" when she was expected; the same ejaculation has come to nature's relief on occasions most unexpected. "Lawkaday!" if she is not kneeling on the bare boards," cried an old woman, in an extremity of housewifely distress, who, helpless on her deathbed, saw one of the quality kneel without a cushion. We should be particular in our habitual choice of this aid to force of expression, or we may all find ourselves betrayed into like solecisms. The social and domestic interjection, the habitual "Oh dear!" and "Well!" or the like, has its exits and its entrances into human converse. We must suppose that "Gramercy!" was once a power in speech; it has given way to "Goodness!" and "Gracious!" and other hints at invocation. "Heavens!" and Archdeacon Grant's "Good heaven!" which Mr. Trollope makes a characteristic, are luckily out of vogue, nor do they come into the catalogue of interjections adapted to the higher uses of eloquence and poetry, which, indeed, if so used, would make very stilted domestic talk. As enliveners of ordinary intercourse, as the natural method by which to set the tongue going, the social interjection is a great portrayer of character. It will be found of many a lost friend that his exclamations and interjections occur to us first when we would recall his voice, his greetings, and the genial influence of his presence.

THE POPE AND THE SPANISH PILGRIMS.

PIUS IX. has been much engaged of late in receiving bodies of pilgrims from various quarters, and he evidently attaches considerable importance to this influx of devotees as a moral fact. In an elaborate address the other day to a batch of Breton pilgrims sent by the Bishop of Nantes, he dwelt at length on "this grand movement of continual pilgrimages" as a sure indication of the unity of the Catholic Church, in which heretics, schismatics, unbelievers, and freethinkers, as well as "certain misguided Catholics," have no part, and whereby all the enemies of the Church in France, Italy, Germany, America, and everywhere else, will be utterly disconcerted and confounded. Still more recently, on Monday last, a larger and more influential company from Spain was received with much state in the Basilica of St. Peter's, where no public ceremonies of any kind had previously been held since the occupation of Rome by the Italians six years ago. No one indeed was allowed to enter without special permission, and so strictly was this rule enforced that the Spanish Ambassador to the Quirinal and his suite, though provided with tickets, were refused admission, on the express ground that he had acknowledged the King of Italy. Nevertheless some ten thousand people were congregated in the church when at midday His Holiness entered, surrounded by nineteen Cardinals and attended by the *Guarda Nobile*, and took his seat on a throne in the transept, greeted with loud shouts, which to English notions seem hardly in accordance with the sanctity of the building. The

Archbishop of Granada read an address vehemently denouncing the usurpation of the temporal power by Victor Emmanuel; to which the Pope made a reply of some length, and was then carried out, as in the former days of his sovereignty, on the *Sedia Gestatoria*, amidst a passionate outburst of enthusiasm from the assembled multitude, on whom he bestowed his solemn benediction. The scene appears to have been a very striking one; but its chief interest undoubtedly consists in the significant and not unnatural inference which His Holiness is reported to have drawn in the course of his address, that persecution strengthens rather than weakens the Church. How far he had realized the full bearing of his own words may perhaps be questioned; but to observers from without both the ceremony and the Papal address to which it gave occasion cannot but suggest some obvious reflections on the meaning and consequences of the fall of the Temporal Power. Up to the autumn of 1870, and for some ten years before, the necessity, or almost necessity, of its maintenance for the interests of the Church was the one grand theme of Ultramontane teaching. In the press, in the pulpit, in the confessional, this was enforced as the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesie*; to be zealous in asserting it was the distinctive badge of a good Catholic; to deny it was little, if at all, short of downright heresy. There were Catholics then who thought their Church would be the stronger for being relieved of an adventitious dignity, questionable in its origin, and which had been terribly misused; but they were branded as traitors. There were Protestants who doubted whether the spiritual influence of Rome would not be rather increased than diminished by the loss of temporal sway; but they were dismissed as dreamers or mere lovers of paradox. Now, after only six years have passed away, the Pope who condemned and banished from Rome his favourite theologian Passaglia for sharing their views, tells them publicly that they were right. Whether or not facts bear him out in saying so, it is perfectly intelligible that "the prisoner of the Vatican" should exult in his golden chains.

When the Pope spoke the other day of the persecution of the Church, he was using the word in what logicians sometimes call a second intention. We are not referring, as neither apparently was His Holiness, to Germany, where the term would be not entirely inapplicable, but to Italy. And in Italy the persecution of the Church means simply the abolition of the Temporal Power and the disendowment of the religious houses. Let us assume, for argument's sake, that both measures were unjust, and that the latter—as is probably the case—was carried out with a good deal of harshness. Still they do not amount, as Prince Bismarck's policy does, to persecution, in the sense of interference with the spiritual rights and liberties of the Church. On the contrary, it would not be difficult to show that, in some respects, both the Pope and the religious orders are really more powerful than they were before the change. The purely spiritual authority of even the most Ultramontane of Popes is heavily handicapped, so to say, in days like these, by the possession of civil sovereignty which brings him within the meshes of European diplomacy. As it is—*cantat vacuus*. He has nothing to gain by compliance with the demands of secular powers, or to lose by rejecting them, and can do much as he pleases; there is no hold upon him. And accordingly we note without surprise that he is far more outspoken and sweeping in his censures on offending Governments, and, above all, on the Italian, than ever he ventured to be in the days of his temporal sovereignty. Nor is there any way of restraining his action unless by direct violence, which, if not a crime, would certainly prove to be a blunder, and is not at all likely to be attempted. How far this result was foreseen by such statesmen as Cavour it is impossible to say; even the ablest statesmen, if they are statesmen and nothing more, are apt to overlook or greatly depreciate the weight of moral forces. But, whether foreseen or not, it could not have been provided against. The Italians were resolved to achieve national unity and make Rome their capital; whether the spiritual influence of Rome would be strengthened or weakened in the process was a subordinate, if not irrelevant, consideration which they hardly cared to entertain. Protestants at a distance, especially Protestants of the Exeter Hall type, who loved Italy less than they hated Rome, waxed eloquent over the approaching downfall of great Babylon; but they have only themselves to thank if they are disappointed. And so again with the religious orders in Italy. In name they are abolished; in fact they are reviving everywhere, with much of their old wealth even restored to them through the zeal of pious benefactors—who in the old days would never have dreamt of helping them—and far more than their old activity. A story reported the other day by a traveller in Italy is to the purpose here. He was talking to a Liberal friend, a lady, who tried to persuade him that the dominion of the priesthood was now at an end; but, on her appealing to the more sober judgment of her husband, he replied, "Look at our own village; there used to be one great monastery, tenanted by lazy and indifferent monks. Now we have four small communities, all active, intriguing, receiving money with open hands, confessing the people, and preparing one day to be our masters." It is true that the present Government have taken the alarm, and are devising measures to check this revival of monastic life in Italy. But what can they do? Freedom of association can hardly be conceded to all the world except monks and nuns; and the motives, whether higher or lower, which drive men and women into the cloister are not affected by the proclamation of Italian unity. The only difference is that at present, and for some time to come, the higher motives are likely to play a much larger part than formerly in producing "vocations" to the religious

life. And that will not diminish the moral influence of the monks. And what is true of them is true in its measure of the secular clergy also. Their civil position may be lowered, and their ranks therefore recruited from a humbler class of society than before. But for that very reason their training will be narrower, and more rigidly and exclusively Ultramontane; they will learn to know no country but the Church, and no interests but those of their order. There was force in Count Arnim's comment on Cavour's famous formula when he said that "a free Church in a free State means an armed Church in a disarmed State." How far his proposed remedy of transferring the election of the Pope from the Conclave of Cardinals to the European Governments is a feasible one is another question. That schemes are on foot among Italian Catholics themselves for effecting some change in the method of election our readers are aware.

These remarks are naturally suggested by the Papal ceremonial and allocation of Monday last. But there is another side to the picture, when we recollect that the ten thousand pilgrims who filled the basilica of St. Peter on that occasion came from Spain, under convoy of the Archbishop of Granada, who acted as their spokesman in his fiery tirade against the usurping Italian Government. If the Pope thrives on what he calls persecution in Italy, he is by no means averse to inflicting persecution in good earnest on Protestants in Spain. The Government there, having the fear of the Nuncio before its eyes, has found it prudent to forbid Protestants, who are supposed to enjoy full toleration, to give any public notice of their services, whether by placard or otherwise, or even to keep the doors of their churches open during divine worship. Nor is this all. The Bishop of Minorca, who clearly has the courage of his opinions, has just issued the following circular to his clergy, which is worth quoting *in extenso*. The whole document is remarkable enough; but we have taken the liberty of italicizing one or two passages in order to show that this excommunication, "carried out to the letter," would by no means be a purely spiritual penalty:—

We renew and reiterate our sentence of the highest order of excommunication against heretics of every sort, kind, and description, against their pupils or adopted children, against their fathers, mothers, preceptors, and all who sit at meat with them. We fully excommunicate all who aid or look kindly on them; we excommunicate the domestic servants of all heretics; we excommunicate all and every person or persons who dare to let a house to a heretic or Protestant for school or services, and every one who gives money, or makes a loan, or leaves a legacy to such persons; we excommunicate every one who lives on terms of friendship with such heretic, and every one who dares to say or write one word in their defence. The clergy of my diocese are commanded to read this out on three successive Sundays during Divine Service, and take good care that all its injunctions shall be carried out to the letter.

The Protestants of the diocese of Minorca are not likely to have a very pleasant time of it under the pastoral rule of this exemplary prelate. But he may plead without fear of contradiction that he is only "carrying out to the letter" the principles of the Syllabus, which expressly condemns the permission even to immigrants of the free exercise of their worship in Catholic countries. And it must further be remembered that when Bishop Ketteler, who had maintained in an earlier work that the Church repudiates as unlawful all interference with the conscientious action of those beyond her own pale, attempted to minimize the force of this proposition of the Syllabus, the best construction he could put upon it was that it only applied to certain countries, and especially to Spain. And Cardinal Manning, when appealed to on the subject the other day, explained that it was quite right and proper for the religious unity of Spain to be preserved in this manner from any danger of heretical taint. Be it so; but then is there not something just a little incongruous—we had almost said grotesque—in the Pope's public lamentation before ten thousand Spanish pilgrims at St. Peter's over the persecution of the Church in Italy? To be sure in one sense his complaint is well founded. Protestants are now allowed full liberty of worship within the very walls of the holy city, and may post as many notices or ring as many bells to advertise their services as they please. And as Ultramontanes are never willing to admit that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, they of course regard this equal toleration of their rivals as a persecution of themselves. The Bishop of Minorca has taught us pretty plainly what Ultramontanes mean by the rightful liberty of the Church.

A SCHOOL FOR MANNERS.

POLITENESS in France, we learn from an erudite work entitled the *Almanach du Savoir-Vivre*, is not quite, but it is to be feared, nearly, dead. The Countess de Bassanville has set herself to find the source of the evil, and to remedy it by her gracious instructions. Is it not unjust, she asks, to blame men entirely for the deplorable assassination of good manners which has taken place? Are there not many pleas of contributory negligence to be set up by them? For instance, it is to be feared that there are few women nowadays who think fit to give a gracious inclination of the head by way of thanks to a man who makes way for them on a staircase or in the street. And when service of this kind is generally unrecognized, it soon ceases to be given. However, it is distressing to learn that the gradual introduction of English habits among French people has not a little to do with the deterioration of French manners. A young woman or a girl who offers her hand to a man "manque de tenue, malgré ce vilain usage anglais qui s'est glissé dans nos mœurs d'à présent," and those who wish

to acquire the art of good manners are commanded at once to break off the unseemly English habit of shaking hands by way of greeting; which when practised by little girls is ridiculous, and when used by grown-up women shows a want of modesty. The manners of men in France have also, it seems, in this respect been altered in a most annoying manner by the introduction of English fashions. "Pour beaucoup de gens, le bonjour de la main remplace presque toujours le coup de chapeau, ancien usage; et il résulte de cette nouvelle manière une certaine confusion qui achève de donner le coup de grâce à notre aimable politesse d'autrefois." Internal forces, however, as well as the gross corruption of English manners, have been at work to destroy the dignity and meaning of the hat. Formerly one could tell by a man's hat and his manner of wearing it whether he was a poet, a lawyer, or a *doctinaire*; nowadays all hats are alike, and are all worn in the same way, "ce qui est fâcheux pour l'élégance, si on veut laisser de côté le savoir-vivre; car voyez plutôt toutes les gravures du temps qui rappellent l'ancien régime et demandez-vous si la façon dont les hommes entraient alors n'avait point un certain parfum d'aristocratie que nos colneys (*sic*) modernes ne parviennent point à détrôner."

But even the hat of to-day has its uses as an index of character. What, asks the Countess de Bassanville, is the first sign of the elegance and distinction which one looks for in a stage lover? Undoubtedly the easy and graceful way in which he holds his hat. This assertion has more truth in it than might seem likely at first sight. To carry a modern tall hat so that its presence shall not be obtrusive and offensive is a feat by no means easy of accomplishment, and not a little of the clumsy effect produced by M. Mounet-Sully when he appeared as the lover in *L'Etrangère* was due to the gigantic hat which he carried before him like a buckler, and which had a horrible but irresistible fascination for the eyes which should have been watching the changes of the actor's face. Supposing that you have inherited or acquired the habit of carrying your hat when paying a visit so that it shall be a burden neither to yourself nor your friends, there are yet many pitfalls which gape for you if you are not well read in the *Almanach du Savoir-Vivre*. If you see that the master or mistress of the house seems absent-minded, you must at once go away, even if you have not been in the room five minutes, for it is evident that for some reason or other you bore them; and the best proof of true *savoir-vivre* is to know when to go away. Again, true *savoir-vivre* demands tact before all things; and it must be remembered that, when you pay a visit to a lady who is on good terms with her husband, politeness requires you at once to ask after him. But, if it is understood that the marriage is not a successful one, you must on no account permit yourself in any way to remind the lady of her misfortune. Another quality of true *savoir-vivre* is that, unlike the law, it cares much for trifles; and it must be remembered that, if one writes a letter to a person who commands respect, the paper is folded in two; but if the letter is addressed to an intimate friend, then it may be folded in four. A postscript must on no account be added to it, because it would prove that the letter itself had been written negligently.

It would seem that the most dangerous event in the student's course is an invitation to dinner; and this is not surprising in view of the reflection which the instructor makes, that, as eating is in itself a mean and ugly thing, it becomes necessary for civilized people to "relever par un cérémonial de bon goût cette impérieuse nécessité qu'ils partagent avec tous les animaux de la création." Eating must be exalted from the degrading satisfaction of a want into an intelligent function, and to sustain this exaltation much pains and skill are naturally required. For example, to eat too much and to eat too little at a dinner party display alike ill-breeding; for in the first case it will be supposed that you never get enough to eat at home, in the second that you regard the dishes offered to you with contempt. The student is therefore advised, if he has a naturally great appetite, to satisfy it partly at home before going out to dinner; if, on the other hand, he is not hungry, he had better say, the moment he enters the house, that he is out of sorts. Or, in the case of his never eating at all, like the Cardinal in *Lothair*, he is recommended to decline all invitations to dinner, and to give his reasons for doing so. When the student has overcome these difficulties and has sat down to dinner prepared to display exactly the right amount of appetite, a new terror awaits him in his napkin, which can only be opened in one way without betraying his ignorance of *savoir-vivre*; and he must next remember not to search carefully for the best bits in the dishes handed round to him. One might think that now he was fairly started on his way; but he must pause and reflect that, although under Francis I. meat was eaten with the fingers, yet now a fork is employed, and this fork must be held in the left hand to avoid its being passed from hand to hand.

The mysteries of dinner are simple by comparison with the rules imposed upon one who is rash enough to entertain a shooting party in the country. A cold breakfast must be provided for the guests at about seven o'clock in the morning; it will consist of ham, some *rôti* used the day before, Bordeaux wine, and tea and coffee. There will be no ceremony observed; every guest will take what he likes, and some will sit while others stand. This breakfast, it seems, supports the sportsmen till supper-time, when they will be fed with good and nourishing meat, accompanied with excellent Burgundy or Bordeaux. But they must have no champagne. Nor will any coffee be allowed when supper is over; its place will be taken by a box of good cigars and a

bowl of excellent punch. Further on the disciple learns that of late fashionable women in Paris have taken to *lunch*, not after the gormandizing fashion of English women, but after the French manner, which makes of it "une élégance nouvelle." At the best houses one finds on reception days the salon garnished with such things as galantine with truffles, lobster mayonnaise, sandwiches of foie gras, and every conceivable kind of "chatterie" in the way of eating; things which, no doubt, are ethereal compared to the gross food affected by English women at lunch. It is interesting to learn that a *petite soirée*, as opposed to a ball, should be ended by the production of punch and chocolate, which are all the better if they are made in the morning and warmed up at night, and that to them one should add "quelques potages et bouillons pour les personnes qui craignent les spiritueux." Having learnt how to comport himself in various situations, the student may be imagined as meeting with some girl whose parents are equally well instructed in *savoir-vivre*, and with her, after the due formalities, going through a *mariage à l'église*. Here both he and the bride must recollect, when the priest asks them if they consent to become man and wife, before answering "Yes," to turn to their parents, as if asking their final sanction. They will then pronounce the solemn "Yes" in a moderate voice; for one too loud would savour of effrontery, while one too low would suggest an air of martyrdom. After the marriage a curious piece of recognized deception is carried out. A honeymoon in the country or abroad is likely to be expensive and tiresome, and to stay at home is not convenient. The difficulty is solved by an announcement being made that the married pair are starting for Italy, St. Petersburg, or China; travelling dresses are assumed, and a travelling carriage arrives which takes up bride and bridegroom and carries them to an hotel, where they live and enjoy themselves for a fortnight, avoiding any meeting with their friends, who, on their side, are careful to keep up the fiction. In case of a death occurring in the family, after one has gone through the ceremony of marriage with due *savoir-vivre*, it will be well to remember this "règle générale. Quand on porte le deuil il ne faut rien exagérer; ni sa douleur en présence des étrangers, ni son indifférence, quand même le défunt aurait eu envers vous les torts les plus réels."

BLACKCOCK SHOOTING.

THE twentieth of August is scarcely looked on by the most ardent sportsman with the feelings with which he regards the celebrated twelfth of that month or the first of September. These are red-letter days, noted long beforehand and with something like a sense of positive injustice and hardship if either date should happen to fall on a Sunday, as will be the case with the opening day of the grouse season in 1877. But the legitimate fall of the first blackcock conveys a sensation of relief rather than a sentiment of pleasure. It is not so much that lively anticipations are realized as that one source of vexation is effectually closed. Between the twelfth and the twentieth of August various kinds of exasperating incidents are likely to occur to the sportsman. The young broods, instead of being safe within the shelter of woods of birch and pine, or deep in ferny braes not far from the "Fringe of the moor," are found, on the contrary, as if in Mr. Millais's later picture, "Over the hills and far away," right out on the best grouse ground, and rise slowly out of heathery knolls just when Don and Carlo, after twice losing the scent and picking it up again, have made one of their best points. The intelligent animals cannot understand why their patient research is not followed by the expected crack of the gun, and look wistfully in your countenance as the young birds, of which the sex is hardly to be distinguished, fly unharmed away. Occasionally awkward mistakes will occur. A young Oxonian, accustomed to the stubbles, but treading the heather for the first time in his life, cannot learn to distinguish between a young greyhen and an elderly grouse; or a hard-worked barrister, better versed in the precedents of Smith's Leading Cases than in the distinctions of the genus Tetrao, fires indiscriminately at all that rises in the shape of feather, and, in spite of the bland explanations of the host or the scarcely suppressed frowns of the incensed head-keeper, persists in not seeing the difference between the sharp twist of the red grouse and the slower and more steady flight of the greyhen. In truth, even the best and most practised shots are now and then guilty of killing this sort of game out of season. The tiresome bird rises just on the top of the knoll and is only seen for a few seconds, or the day is dark and lowering, or it is the last point in the evening after seven o'clock, or there have been no fair chances for the last half-hour, and the shooters are wearied with unrewarded tramping, or some other palliation is not wanting; in short, from some reason or other, it not unfrequently happens that the total bag of the twelfth is increased by sundry additions which in the returns sent to the *Field* or to the local paper must be set down as "various."

The practised eye, in a good light, easily discerns between the red and the black grouse as soon as they rise, at any period of the season. Not to say that the plumage of the former is redder and the bird smaller, their flight is very different; grouse get up together in coveys, or in pairs, often at exactly the same moment. The cock bird gives a warning cry which the veriest tiro cannot mistake when he has heard it half-a-dozen times. The greyhens, and the young of either sex, rise singly or in twos and threes, at intervals of a few seconds, and make off in a steady curve, with a clucking noise not unlike that of a domestic hen as she struts

before the barn door with her brood of chickens. Nor is there any disguising the fact that young broods of black-game, for the first three weeks after the *dies nefasti* are ended, present an easy mark and are excellent practice for the beginner. They are found in thick rushy places, near peat-coloured watercourses, or in patches of tall fern; and, though given to run before the dogs even in their heedless youth, are brought up eventually in some patch thicker than the rest, and have to be flushed by the hand or foot, or sometimes are captured by one of the attendants in order to save them from that vicious snap from which even the best bred dogs cannot always refrain, when the quarry has been for twenty seconds literally under their very noses. Even in the old days of muzzle-loaders, when the setter was trained to obey the least motion of hand or eye, and to "down charge" until old Squire Hazeldean had reloaded, it was not uncommon for a quick sportsman to score three or four birds to his own gun out of a single brood. In these times of rapidity and precision, when a couple of deadly shots are aimed with breechloaders, it is simply often a matter of policy how many shall be spared to form the semblance of a brood or to furnish sport for some other day. Still there is no doubt that black-game shooting to pointers in the early part of the season gives a sense of variety and adds zest to Scottish sport. The old blackcock, we need hardly say, like the cock pheasant, gives himself no trouble about any one of his mates and their young, and is not found in their company. During the breeding season he is pugnacious enough, drums on a hillock, and drives off the young cocks of last season, taking, like a Brahmin, three or more partners in succession. But very good sport may be had by finding out the haunts of these ancient polygamists, and beating them up out of the deep fern by steady old pointers warranted to work close and near. Not that the blackcock is naturally less wary then than at other periods. But moulting is an unpleasant and an inevitable process, and the old birds lie quiet during the heat of the day, either in woods or in cover so deep and thick that the sportsman may pass within a yard or two and never flush his game. Moulting to the blackcock is like gout to the statesman, a period of enforced rest and abstinence from locomotion. But if blackcock are too numerous in proportion to greyhens on his moor, the owner or lessee will act wisely in devoting two or three afternoons between the 20th of August and the 10th or so of September to rousing these patriarchs out of their midday slumber in haunts only known to the most observant keeper or the most friendly shepherd. Some sportsmen, in Lowland moors especially, or where black-game are more numerous than grouse, make it a point to put off the commencement of the shooting season until the 20th of August, when both kinds of game can be legally shot. It saves all the errors and apologies, the violations of law and the forgetfulness of dates, to which we have referred. But this forbearance is exercised with the knowledge that in those eight days the young grouse, already full fledged, will have grown wiser and warier, ready to rise out of shot, and even, it is asserted by some sportsmen, disposed to pack.

If, however, practised shots think lightly of the destruction of young black-game that flutter rather than fly in the early part of the season, the third week of September puts an end to any such lofty contempt, and materially alters the whole character of the sport. The old bird, *motilis exuvius* and *nitidus juvenis*, like Virgil's snake, has put on his new feathers, and begins to show that magnificent lyre-shaped tail which Landseer knew so well how to draw. The young coveys are either thinned by shooting or become dissociated by a law of their own. The young blackcock, with a few brown feathers still to be discerned on the dark purple of his back, seeks the society of his older brethren. Their haunts are no longer in shady recesses. They can be descried in full relief on the hill-side or on the tops of sunny knolls; in the afternoon they are to be seen winging their way to the stubbles, and flying back to the moor in packs of twenty or thirty just before the twilight gives way to darkness. The whole conditions under which the sport is pursued are now radically altered, and what was an easy pastime becomes a keen and exciting pursuit. There is no need to loiter in rushy watercourses or in fern which might have "muffled" the knees of the Poet-Laureate's Talking Oak; no call for the beater's stick, or the pointer's nose, or the sportsman's patience who had to try the ground over again lest he should have left his birds behind. There are henceforth only two legitimate modes of bringing the blackcock to book—the stalk and the drive. When a sportsman shoots alone, or does not care to disturb his ground prematurely by driving, the former method is resorted to, and it requires different qualities from those which are put in force at the traps of Hurlingham or in the hot corners of a Norfolk cover. The birds are distributed conspicuously on hillocks in twos and threes, and command a good look out on three sides. But, by making a *détour* of considerable length, they can be taken in the rear by the shooter who thinks nothing of a hasty tramp of more than a quarter of a mile if he is to be rewarded by a double shot at its close. This circumvention requires an alert step, a good eye for country, on which each stone or distinct feature in the landscape shall remain distinctly impressed, and lungs in perfect order; and even then the most patient stalk does not always command the success which it has deserved. The birds may have altered their position by a short flight while the shooter is circumventing them, or may have walked out of shot in the mere process of feeding, or they may have been put up by a flock of sheep, or possibly have caught sight of the stalker, who has incautiously allowed his wide-awake to be seen too soon above the heather. But the experienced sportsman, who matches his acquired skill in

woodcraft against the natural acuteness of the wild bird or animal, is sooner or later rewarded. And two or three brace procured by a combination of activity and judgment are worth hecatombs of infants that lie helpless before the unerring noses of Ponto and Don.

Blackcock driving on a large scale differs little, if at all, from the same process applied to grouse. We think, however, that blackcock, though as strong on the wing as any game, take shorter flights in particular states of the atmosphere; and it is astonishing what can be done by even two or three beaters who know the ground well, in the way of driving a number of old blackcocks, on a wide moor, right on to a couple of guns ensconced snugly in some well-chosen hollow. On a bright sunshiny morning after a white frost in October or November, on a "soft" day when the mist envelops the hills and the winds are hushed, and towards evening in the neighbourhood of the stubble-fields, black-game, when aroused, will often take short flights of two or three hundred yards, and settle down again after losing some of their number, as if nothing had happened. And if they are really determined to make their evening meal on oats and barley, it will take a deal of repeated firing to drive them off the field. Some gamekeepers and sportsmen have several axioms regarding their habits at such times. One is that they return to roost about twilight by exactly the same line of country over which they came down to feed. Another is that when a number of black-game settle down on their feeding ground, one self-denying bird always remains posted as sentinel on the top of a dyke or eminence, to give notice of the enemy's approach. The first theory we believe to be quite correct, and a shooter who takes his post after watching the flocks descend from the hills to the low-lying lands may rely on having some doubles and singles in succession as the sated birds wing their way back in twos and threes, or tens and twenties, when there is still light enough for Sir Lucius O'Trigger's "small sword" play, though it may not do for a long shot. The other theory about the sentinel we utterly disbelieve. At least, on some scores of occasions in several consecutive seasons, we have come on forty blackcocks feeding like one, without any look-out, or any one member of their body caring for anything besides his own crop. Indeed this division of labour would argue not merely extreme wariness, which is the characteristic of black-game, but a combined intelligence and a power of reason which we do not believe these birds to possess. It does, however, occasionally happen that, in stalking a lot of birds which you have marked down, you disturb a second lot which you had not seen, and their flight and bad example prove contagious to the others. This may have given rise to a theory to which, as either universally or ordinarily true, we wholly demur. We need hardly do more than mention another mode of circumventing black-game, occasionally practised. Where corn has been cut and is left standing in shocks, a shooter hides himself under cover of the sheaves, and takes the blackcock as they circle down in an easy flight, or even as they feed on the ground. But this expedient is only to be justified by some paramount necessity for thinning the ranks of the cocks, and is hardly atoned for by the extreme unpleasantness and penance of the situation. The stalk and the drive are eminently sportsmanlike, and we need scarcely say that, though grouse fly at a more rapid pace, black-game can, if requisite, put on the steam; while after September it is wise to use Number 5 or even 4, in preference to Number 6. Judicious owners and lessees will, we may add, spare greyhens as a rule, or only kill them in the proportion of one to three or four of the male sex.

An interesting correspondence has lately taken place in the columns of our sporting contemporaries as to the possibility of acclimatizing this noble bird in Ireland. Hitherto, it seems, all experiments have failed. Either the imported eggs have not been hatched, or the young birds have mysteriously disappeared or have never come to maturity. Without dogmatizing on the subject, we are inclined to think that the question of food has not been sufficiently studied. The damp and rainfall of Ireland do not seem to us an insuperable difficulty. Argyleshire and Ross-shire are wet counties. We know of lowland farms and districts where black-game far outnumber the grouse, and where the rainfall exceeds fifty inches in the year. We may add that our examination of the crops of these birds has shown them to feed on the following substances:—heather tops, the extremities of the fern leaves, grubs and caterpillars, hips and haws, oats and barley in any quantity when such dainties can be got, and especially a small plant, found in abundance in the neighbourhood of the Eek, the Nith, the Liddel, the Luce, and the Dee. Its vulgar name, we believe, is the crowberry, and the botanical is *Empetrum*. If black-game could be caught like trout with a bait, this food at any time would ensure their capture. We should suggest a mixed commission of naturalists and sportsmen to collect facts and experiences regarding the habits of black-game in Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, and even on the southern slopes of the Alps. It seems hard that Ireland should not have these birds on the mountains of Donegal, or that they should fail to contribute to the "wild sports of the West" in Connemara. It is well known that they are still found in the New Forest, on Dartmoor and Exmoor, and even occasionally in the Weald of Sussex.

From the panniers to the larder, and thence to the kitchen, is no unnatural transition, and we take this opportunity of raising our protest against the mistaken notion that these birds cannot be an acceptable present to friends, or, in due rotation, make a part of the second course. They may not have the peculiar

flavour of the red grouse; but they are large and plump, and the flesh of a young blackcock or greyhen, when full grown, is well flavoured, juicy, and tender. The patriarchs can be turned into soup, or, if the weather admits of their hanging more than a fortnight, they can assume the likeness of *perdrix aux choux*. Even the toughest specimen makes excellent potted meat; and the soup, we may add, under skilled hands, possesses a flavour that may even vie with the hare. Scott, whose genius turned every feature of his native country to account, does not hesitate to introduce the blackcock, little less poetical than Blackandro in the *Lay*, into the verse of *Marmion*, and readers of his novels may remember that "brandered muirfowl"—which expression in some districts is reserved for black-game, as heath-fowl is for grouse—formed part of the supper of the Baron of Bradwardine in his hiding-place after Culloiden; while it must have entered into that marvellous stew prepared by Meg Merrilies in the ruins of Dernaclough, with which she vanquished the scruples of honest Dominie Sampson and sent him back to Woodburne, after a glass of whisky, "mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil that could befall him."

MODERN EARTHENWARE.

THE name of Majolica has been given to multitudes of different wares, and so has the French name Faience. Strictly speaking, the division should be between hard and soft; for, though the distinction is not at once visible to the eye, it is really the chief guide in the decoration. Much modern "majolica" is hard, and much ancient stoneware is habitually confounded with soft. Mr. Fortnum, one of the best authorities, divides soft wares into unglazed and glazed, lustrous and enamelled, and confines the name of majolica to the soft ware. But it sometimes happens that a name—like that of Gothic architecture—obtains whether it is rightly applied or not; and it would be absurd to try now to give fresh names to the various kinds of pottery for which the old terms Faience and Majolica are universally used. Perhaps we may some day see a complete volume on stoneware, including perhaps *terra cotta*, as distinguished from the soft earthenware "majolica." But at present the materials for such a book have not been collected, little being known even about Flanders Grey and Cologne ware, and it being still a question whether or not there is an English ware of the same kind and period. But efforts are being made to revive the manufacture of stoneware as an art, and we have in this country not only a Lambeth but a Fulham pottery, and more than one manufactory, like that of Watcombe, for the production of ornamental *terra cotta*. It is so seldom that anything worthy of the name of original art is set up among us that it behoves all people who agree with Mr. Poynter in denouncing as almost sinful the ugliness everywhere familiar in England, to give such efforts all the encouragement in their power. It is refreshing to the weary spirit, tired of "reproductions" and of "castings," to find a place where originality is aimed at, and where every piece issued has its own individual design. It was thus with the Flanders Grey, and in a less degree with the Rhine pottery. Imitations come to us from Holland and Germany in thousands; but it is easy to see at a glance that they are all cast in moulds, a system totally destructive of high-class art. The old potter ornamented his jug with a pattern engraved while the material was soft, adding sometimes to the incised work small pictures stamped with little seals or hand moulds. Sometimes he covered it with engraving only, and sometimes he cut out a pattern, as of oak leaves and acorns, and applied it to the surface. It thus comes to pass that a collector of the old blue and brown pottery may have thousands of pieces, no two of them exactly alike, either in form, colour, or decoration. Beautiful as some of these old objects are, and valuable as they prove to the modern potter, it is a healthy sign of contemporary art that actual reproduction, which would be only too easy, is not resorted to here; but that we have examples of new work equal to the ancient in every respect, yet wholly different in style and design. Such wares as that exhibited by Mr. Doulton last winter at Lambeth, and since at Philadelphia, is a credit to our country, and deserves the fullest recognition. Great results can only be obtained by an expenditure of thought, labour, and money to which the tendency of manufacturers at the present day has not accustomed us. Success can only be reached by the encouragement of design; originality, even though attended by failure at first, must be fostered and rewarded. In such a manufacture every workman must be convinced that time is not thrown away even on unsuccessful experiments, and that new methods of colouring and incising can only be discovered by actual trial. Our artisans have hitherto had little scope for the exertion of individual talent; they have been for the most part, if not altogether, tied down by tradition and usage; no opportunity has been afforded to them for the development and improvement of manipulative skill. But in the present attempt to employ fertility of design and invention we see the dawning of a great and hopeful future, and we feel assured that all lovers of true art will sympathize warmly with such promising and praiseworthy efforts. It is much to be desired that the good example set by our potters may be followed in other trades, and that our gold and silver work, our cabinet-making and wood-work, our iron and glass, may share in the revival. It cannot be but that the improvement in stoneware and *terra cotta* will continue; and that it will spread to other departments of manufacture is equally certain.

Two principal styles of "majolica" are just now to be seen, each excellent in its way; and, though all the productions of our modern art-potters are not equally pleasing to the cultivated eye, few of the specimens are absolutely without merit. We may take the stoneware first. It is chiefly made from clay obtained in Devonshire and Dorsetshire, worked into a mass of perfectly even consistence, and containing, for the harder kinds of pottery, a certain proportion of powdered material from pieces already baked. The glaze is obtained, as in all ages, from the use of salts; and the hardness is acquired by long exposure to intense heat. The most ordinary form of such ware is found in blacking and ink bottles, and in jars for chemical substances, to which it offers the utmost resistance. It is only of late years that attempts have been made to produce ornamental objects; and the decoration is either entrusted by means of coloured clays, by indentation and incised work, or by painting and surface treatment. All these methods are largely used at Lambeth, and give employment to a staff of artists, many of whom display talent, aided by skill and experience, educated to a high pitch of perfection. One lady, Miss Barlow, deserves to be known for her admirable drawings of animals, executed while the paste is soft, and incised with a point upon the surface of the object decorated. We cannot quite approve of this style as applied to vessels for ordinary use, and think that it might better be reserved for plaques and flat tiles, which would thus become pictures. In another department, Mr. Tinworth, who has gained for himself the name and fame of an artist by the examples of his skill exhibited from year to year at the Royal Academy, produces alto-reliefs and minute statuettes of a very high order. A great jar, some three feet or more in height, is surrounded by a series of twenty-eight little arched recesses, each filled with a figure from Scripture history, personifying, under a great variety of forms, the words of Solomon, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." In one little niche we have Samson slaying the lion, in another he is shorn of his locks, in another he is pulling down the pillars upon himself and the Philistines. Adam before the Fall is an exquisite little figure, and separate notice is demanded for Naomi mourning, for Miriam dancing, and for David slinging his stone. It is seldom indeed that so satisfactory an example of contemporary art can be met with, though the critic will probably take exception to the handles, which are commonplace in comparison with the rest of the work, and wholly inappropriate to the style of Mr. Tinworth's decorations lower down. A large number of the objects produced take the form of beer-jugs and cups, teapots and inkstands, chiefly in various shades of dark brown, sometimes resembling tortoiseshell, varied with blue, a lighter brown, and white. Some are covered with wreaths of seaweed; some with fern leaves; and some, among the most beautiful specimens, are ornamented with pearl-like drops, and conventional patterns of roses and quatrefoils. In a few examples all these styles of decoration are employed together, but where they are separated the effect is perhaps better. It is a question whether in some cases the effect of the incised ornament would not, as in Cologne ware, be sufficient for the eye without the additional application of colour. One of Mr. Doulton's artists treats the soft paste almost as if it were wood, and carves and perforates it with a result which needs no colour to make it eminently beautiful.

Of a totally different character is the painted earthenware, chiefly associated with the name of Minton, but also made at Lambeth and elsewhere. A new branch of manufacture of this kind has sprung up of late years. It deserves more strictly the name of majolica, though it differs in many important respects from the ancient Italian and Moorish wares. It is decorated with paintings, and gives employment to a large number of artists of both sexes, who undergo special training for their art. It admits of the use of the most brilliant colours, and only requires the gradual improvement which longer experience will give to be entirely satisfactory. On the whole, we prefer the specimens of native work in these styles to those which have come to us from France. There is less mannerism, and less of that peculiarly French tendency to mere execution as distinguished from care and finish. The English examples have sometimes the completeness and finish of paintings, and one only asks why they should be on pottery at all. The influence of Japanese art is favourably felt in almost every department of this kind of work, and by far the most pleasing examples are those in which a single flower or spray or an insect is painted on a plate or vase of delicate ground colour. The least satisfactory are the landscapes, which find more favour on the Continent than the figure subjects and flowers. Those specimens in which there is only conventional ornamentation always suffer by comparison with Oriental china, and so far we have seen no successful attempt to imitate the "crackle," with or without colour, which is so highly prized by Japanese collectors.

A third form which these arts are now taking is that of *terra cotta*. It is neither more nor less than a refined kind of brick-making, and is primarily applicable to buildings. The manor-house of Layer Marney, recently visited by the Archaeological Institute, proves that moulded brick was not unknown among our mediæval ancestors, and its modern uses are probably numerous. The unfortunate and stupid dispute between Messrs. Doulton and their bricklayers has brought it into prominence just now; and though there can be no doubt that the labourers are technically right in regarding *terra cotta* as brick, its adjustment in buildings requires a delicacy of manipulation which the average "British workman" has by no means acquired. To the judicious development of the use of this material we may look for a great improvement in the

decoration of our towns and their public buildings. There is no use trying to struggle against the regularity of our streets and the monotonous uniformity of the houses in them. But in order to obtain the uniformity which appears inevitable there is no necessity for the repetition of what singly would be hideous; to follow a good pattern would ensure a less disagreeable result than to continue the multiplication of a pattern radically bad. By the use of terra cotta many architectural details might be constantly varied, with the happiest results. A comparison of Mr. Bell's great group of "America" in marble, as it is at the Albert Memorial, with the same design as it was reproduced in terra cotta by Mr. Doulton for the Philadelphia Exhibition, suggests powerfully the possible consequences of producing public statues in a material calculated to withstand successfully even the noxious elements of our London atmosphere. Marble requires sunshine as well for its preservation as for its outward effect, but the warm tint of indestructible terra cotta would resist damp and look well even under our greyest sky.

BISHOP STROSSMAYER.

IT is probable that not a dozen men in England ever heard of Bishop Strossmayer before the Vatican Council, when he became known not only as a powerful opponent of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, but also as an eloquent extempore orator in Ciceronian Latin. It is said that he scandalized some of the venerable Fathers one day by prefacing an eloquent passage with the exclamation, "Per deos immortales!" The story may be only *ben trovato*; yet, whether true or not, it illustrates in an amusing way his easy familiarity with classical literature. But, unknown to English fame as Bishop Strossmayer may have been before the Vatican Council, he has been for a long time one of the most prominent figures in the Austrian Empire. Born in 1815 in the Slavonian town of Essek, he received his education at the Universities of Vienna and Padua, and before he reached the age of thirty his reputation was established as the first preacher in Vienna. He became a special favourite with the Emperor, who appointed him Chaplain to the Imperial family and Court preacher. In 1850 he was nominated, at the early age of thirty-five, to his present see of Sirmio and Bosnia, and the eloquent Court preacher of Vienna soon became known as a great political orator and leader. He has been, indeed, for years the recognized and trusted leader of the Slavonian population of Austria; a fact which probably accounts, at least in part, for the comparative indulgence with which his opposition to the dogma of Infallibility has been treated at the Vatican. A weakness in the chest has obliged the Bishop to spend the winters of the last few years in Rome, and when he pays his respects to the Pope it is said that they have a pleasant talk about things in general, but never a word about the Vatican dogma. This is wise, no doubt; for discussion might disclose serious differences which it might be difficult to pass over; and there would be some risk in pushing matters to extremes with the adored leader of some millions of Slavs who, stout Catholics as they are, have no sympathy with Ultramontane policy. The Bosnian portion of Strossmayer's diocese is of course under the political government of Turkey; so that the Eastern question has for him a very practical reality. He has been face to face with it for six-and-twenty years, and during that time it has occupied the uppermost place in his thoughts. It will be easily understood therefore that two Englishmen, who had started for the East to learn what they could for themselves about the great question of the day, should have accepted with alacrity an invitation from Bishop Strossmayer to visit him at Diakovar (pronounced Djakovar).

But where was Diakovar? Near Agram—so they were told in Vienna by everybody whom they consulted. To Agram accordingly they went, leaving Vienna at 7 A.M. by express train, and arriving at Agram at 8 P.M. Before retiring for the night they deemed it prudent to make arrangements for the morrow by engaging a carriage to take them over the six hours' drive which, according to their information, separated Diakovar from Agram. Their surprise may be imagined on learning that they had come a whole day's journey out of their way, and were, in fact, practically more distant from Diakovar at Agram than they had been at Vienna. However, there they were, and there was nothing for it but to make the best of the situation. As it happened, this turned out to be no difficult achievement; for Agram proved to be so interesting a place that they felt grateful for the accident which had led them to it. It is finely situated at the foot of a richly wooded range of mountains, and is divided into three parts—the free, or upper town; the lower, or chapter town; and the Bishop's town. The first crowns a hill which in Croatian is called "The Bear," and from any point of which the eye wanders over a wide extent of varied landscape, the horizon eastward being bounded by the hills of Bosnia, draped in a veil of purple haze. But perhaps the most attractive sight in Agram to a stranger with an eye for the picturesque is the market-place, especially on a Sunday, when the country people flock into it in their gala costume. And that costume who shall describe?—its brilliancy, its variety, the quaintness of its patterns and devices, and its harmonious blending of colours. We have seen the costumes of most places in Europe, but never have we seen anything so unique and picturesque as the market-place of Agram on a festival day.

As the travellers had come so much out of their way, they

judged it best, on the whole, to go straight to Servia, and take Diakovar on their way back. The second attempt was more successful. Leaving Semlin at six in the morning by one of the fine Danube steamers, they reached Vukovar about four in the afternoon. Vukovar is some twenty-seven miles from Diakovar, and they anticipated a pleasant drive the following day to Bishop Strossmayer's enchanted palace; for such it seemed to be, since nobody, east or west, north or south, appeared able to give precise and accurate directions where to find it. They stopped at Vukovar in obedience to the "best information," and there discovered that they should have gone on to Essek, Strossmayer's birthplace. At Vukovar they allowed the porter of the hotel to engage a carriage for them overnight. The carriage, he assured them, was good, the horses still better, and the cushions best of all. It was to be at the door at nine o'clock the following morning; and at nine o'clock accordingly they were there to meet it. But they saw nothing answering to the description of the vehicle which they had engaged overnight. So they walked in the shadow of the trees till the carriage with the beautiful cushions should appear. Getting impatient at last they made inquiry, and were told that their carriage had been waiting for them for more than half an hour. On asking where, they were pointed to a thing on four wheels in front of them. It was, in fact, a bad specimen of one of the ordinary country carts; a basket on two poles, poised on four wheels, but innocent of anything approaching to a spring. The beautiful cushions consisted of two sacks stuffed with hay, and the steeds were a pair of shaggy ponies, which proved much better than their appearance. In short, the porter had taken them in; but it was a beautiful day, they were in good spirits, and agreed to forgive the porter and to regard the affair as an amusing adventure. And so they started at full gallop through the main street of Vukovar, in about as queer a vehicle as any two Englishmen ever travelled in. There had been an unusually heavy fall of rain before their arrival, and the country, which is very flat, was here and there under water. The road from Vukovar to Diakovar is bad at its best, and it was now at its worst. It was only by a stretch of courtesy that it could be called a road at all in some places. For miles it consisted of deep furrows, and the wonder was that the ponies were able to get along at all, even at a walking pace. Their powers of endurance proved greater than that of the "carriage," for one of the wheels came off three miles after starting, and the machine had to be taken to pieces at a village smithy, which luckily happened to be near. This mishap wasted an hour and a half; but the journey came to an end at last, and the palace of Bishop Strossmayer was reached before it was quite dark. It is unnecessary to speak of the hospitable welcome which the strangers received, or of the views which he expounded on the engrossing subject of the day. Bishop Strossmayer is undoubtedly a born orator, whose great natural gifts are disciplined to perfection. Not the least of these gifts is his voice, which is powerful, but admirably modulated, so that its tones as well as its words are eloquent. Now and then one catches an undertone of wailing musical sadness in it which is full of pathos. He is full, too, of fun and humour. It was delightful to hear him interpret the conceptions of the artist who is covering the walls of his new cathedral with frescoes of Old and New Testament subjects. Were he to leave no memorial behind him but this splendid Cathedral, his episcopate would well deserve to be remembered. He has been fifteen years building it, and it will not be ready for consecration for five years more. It would be rash for any one who is not an architect to hazard an opinion as to the probable cost, but it would certainly have to be reckoned in hundreds of thousands of pounds. The frescoes alone will cost a fortune. And the bulk of all this comes out of the Bishop's own pocket. He has indeed a princely income, and he spends it like a prince. Nor are his benefactions confined to his own diocese. Is help required for the establishment and endowment of a scholastic institution in Agram? Strossmayer is appealed to, and sends 18,000 gulden. Is money needed in Servia for the wounded, or for the thousands of half-naked and famishing refugees from Bosnia and Bulgaria? Strossmayer sends 3,000.

Strossmayer interprets very literally the Apostolic precept which says that a bishop should "be given to hospitality." Dinner is provided in his palace every day for forty or fifty poor people, and his own table seems to be free to all comers. His grounds are open to the public, who avail themselves freely of the liberty, not merely for the sake of the recreation, but in the hope of meeting the genial Bishop, who has a kind word and a bright look for all. People sometimes drive or walk from a distance for the sake of this pleasure, and then are pretty sure to receive an invitation to dinner. A polyglot party of between thirty and forty, French, German, Italian, and Croatian, met at his table in amicable confusion, while in an adjoining room a Zingari band discoursed wild Rommany music, varied occasionally with the strain of some modern air. One of the most picturesque features of the entertainment was a handsome black-bearded official, gorgeously apparelled in semi-Oriental costume, whose duty it was to exercise a general supervision, and see that there was no hitch. His official designation is Harem Pasha, a somewhat incongruous one in the domestic establishment of a prelate who is not only a celibate, but a man of ascetic habits in addition. It is of course a relic of the olden time when the Turk ruled in Hungary and Croatia. Nor is it the only relic. The people still come to church at Diakovar with square pieces of cloth which they spread out on the floor to kneel upon during their devotions; and close to the Bishop's new Cathedral is an ancient mosque, now used as a church.

After dinner the Bishop took his guests over his spacious apartments, and undertook the duty of cicerone in explaining his art treasures, which are all of his own collecting. All schools of painting are represented on his walls, and among his modern pictures there is one fine portrait to which he specially called attention. It was the portrait of the handsome Jellačić, the Ban of Croatia, who played so conspicuous a part in the Austro-Hungarian war of 1848-9. Strossmayer and he were intimate friends.

Perhaps what strikes a stranger most in Strossmayer is the scrupulous equity of his character—that charity which “thinketh no evil,” but “hopeth all things, believeth all things,” of men and parties of opposite views and principles to his own. He is careful to look at all questions from the point of view which is not his own, and to make every possible allowance for those who differ from him. It is impossible not to feel, with a sigh, that if all Churches were blessed with bishops of the type of Strossmayer, the aspect of Christendom at this moment would be very different from what we see.

THE STANDARD OF ISRAEL.

THE various forms of craziness are really endless. If one tries to cope with them or to number them, the mass with which one has to struggle becomes deeper and higher and wider at every stage. From the crazy letter we get up to the crazy pamphlet, and from the crazy pamphlet we can now make our way up to the crazy magazine. Let us not be understood as implying that one crazy magazine only is periodically sent forth by the press. That would be most unfairly to undervalue the mass of human craziness and the fertility of the mass. But we have never before lighted on a magazine that so distinctly carried on the peculiar vein of craziness which has lately supplied us with several occasions of thought. We have before us *The Standard of Israel and Journal of the Anglo-Israel Association*. And we not only have it, but we have it in its twelfth number, forming part of its second volume. We are more inclined to be thankful for the chance that has thrown the twelfth number in our way than to repine at being debarred from the privilege of seeing the former eleven. We have enough to prove the fact, a fact certainly not to be forgotten in the study of human nature, that there are people enough to form an Association and to publish a journal whose bond of union is the belief that the inhabitants of Britain are the lost tribes of Israel. One cannot help being reminded of the kindred belief that Arthur Orton is Sir Roger Tichborne. But the case of national identity cannot be backed up by the feeling which explains a great deal of the belief in the case of personal identity. What really lurks in the hearts of many of the admirers of Dr. Kenely really comes out in the argument, “And, if he is a butcher’s son, why should he not have his estate?” There is nothing so attractive as this in the belief that Englishmen are Israelites. The doctrine that a butcher’s son may at the same time be a baronet’s son involves, in this case at least, a certain logical contradiction, but it is naturally acceptable in the households of butchers. If Arthur Orton can be proved to be Sir Roger Tichborne, W.X. may just as well be proved to be Sir Y. Z. In this madness there is after all a kind of method; but the dogma of the Anglo-Israel Association is really a craze for the sake of a craze. “Ephraim,” says the prophet, “feedeth on wind”; but the diet of John Bull has been generally thought to be somewhat different. But here are a body of English people, numbering among them two Generals, a Professor, two Doctors of Medicine, and a Countess, who forsake their natural nutriment for the light food of the children of Ephraim. We said that we would not repine at not having seen the eleven former numbers; but we must repine at having the number for June sent to us only in October. For we are thus cut off from all chance of attending the First Meeting of the Members and Friends of the Association, which was to be held on June 7, 1876. It would have been kinder to have sent us the July number, in which we should doubtless have seen some report of the Meeting and of the speeches of Colonel Gawler, F.G.S., the Rev. J. Gore Tipper, M.A., and the Rev. Canon Titcomb, M.A., who were to hold forth “on various phases of the great subject.” But here we must draw a distinction. Of Colonel Gawler and certain others it is announced positively that “the Meeting will be addressed by them;” of Canon Titcomb and some others it is only said that they “will attend, if possible, and take part in the proceedings.” This reminds us of the announcement on a negro place of worship in America:—“There will be preaching in this church on Thursday, if the Lord will, and on Sunday, whether or no.” The Colonel may perhaps in some of his military exploits have rivalled the daring of Kapaneus:—

θεοῦ τε γὰρ θελοντος ἐκπεῖσαι πόλιν,
καὶ μὴ θελοντος, φησὶν.

The Canon knows better, and, more in the spirit of the Apostle James, he promises nothing but what may be found to be possible. We do feel it hard to receive in October the following tempting description of a meeting in June:—

All persons feeling an interest in the great fact that the British people are Israelites, descendants of the Ten Tribes, and desirous of learning more on the subject, are invited to attend.

William the Conqueror, according to one legend, could not repent of his sins; but he repented of not being able to repent, and so was absolved. So, if we do not exactly feel an interest in the great fact that the British people are Israelites, we do feel the deepest

interest in the great fact that some people believe that it is a fact; and on that subject, on the nature of the people who so believe, we are earnestly desirous of learning something more. Surely this secondary state of interest and desire would have obtained us admission. We should certainly have pressed to the Langham Hall, 43 Great Portland Street, full of the certainty of hearing the Colonel, of the possibility of hearing the Canon. But, alas! from all this we are now shut out. We can only guess what their discourses were likely to be by the contents of the Magazine in which they were so long ago announced as things of the future.

Now, had we not long ago ceased to be amazed at anything, we should indeed have been amazed at its contents. Some of the writers seem to have learned a language or two, and if they have not read the writings, they have at least heard the names, of some modern scholars. When such a one talks of a “Romaic” element in English we stare for a moment; but, on the whole, we think it is creditable; for to write *Romaic* when he means *Romance* not only shows that the writer has heard the name Romaic, but it may even incline us to believe that he knows that the Romaic and Romance languages stand in some kind of analogy to one another. And this is really creditable in one who gravely argues that Germans and English are both descendants of Joseph. Here is a paragraph which carries us into depths where ordinary chronology is no guide:—

That Romaic element seems to be a bugbear of several prophetic commentators who anticipate that because they think we once formed one of the ten Latin kingdoms, we may be for a time overrun with Papal influence again. I confess I do not agree with them in this. It would be contrary to the blessings pronounced on us, to the genius and spirit of our people, and to the fact that we fell away at the Reformation, as Elliott proves; also to the fact, as Gausson proves, that at the time the Latin empire overwhelmed the Greek, England was not then conquered by the Romans, and did not form a part of the platform of the Roman empire.

We suppose this means something; but really when was it when the Latin Empire overwhelmed the Greek? The only moment that we can think of which in the least answers this description is the setting up of the Latin Empire at Constantinople in 1204. But the words “England was not then conquered by the Romans” would imply that England was conquered by the Romans at some later time. It did indeed flash across our mind that those who believe that we are descended from the patriarch Joseph might look on the presence of Richard King of the Romans in England as a sign of a conquest of England by the Romans. And the career of Richard is in ordinary histories placed later than the Latin taking of Constantinople. But we were beaten out of this theory by remembering that the ordinary date of Richard King of the Romans has been upset by the author of the *Annals of Oxfordshire*, who has shown that his proper place is, not along with Henry the Third and St. Louis, but with Tullus Hostilius and Ancus Marcius. We then thought that the conquest of England by the Romans might possibly mean the homage done by John to Pope Innocent; but, if this is meant, why add that England “did not form a part of the platform of the Roman Empire?”

We then looked about for some moment when England did form a part of the platform of the Roman Empire, and, after some thought, we found one in the moment when Richard King of England did homage to Henry the Sixth. But then that event is, in all ordinary chronology, placed before the time when the Latin Empire overwhelmed the Greek. So we are left wholly in the dark. We can only hope that, as one annalist has moved one Richard so far back, some other annalist may be found to move the other Richard a little forwards. By this means we may at last come to a time when the Latin Empire had overwhelmed the Greek but when England was not yet part of the platform of the Roman Empire, but was only going to be so. And this may also lead to a knowledge of the mysterious time when some people at least think that “we once formed one of the ten Latin kingdoms.”

This comes from one who seemingly knows something of German, who has theories about “Teutonicism,” and who knows that Germany and England have something to do with one another, even though he may think that their connexion takes the form of common descent from the patriarch Joseph. Now if a man knows as much as this, he is really less excusable than a brother contributor who goes to Marseilles and remarks that the Massaliots have points of difference from Frenchmen which they themselves acknowledge. So, to account for this, all the Ionian cities on the Gaulish coast are peopled with Phœnicians. Massaliot sailors reached Britain; therefore there was intercourse between Great Britain and Palestine; therefore there are “footsteps of Israel” both at Massalia and in Britain. Yet we cling to every straw, we grasp at every sign of improvement. By this contributor the great Massaliot navigator appears as “Pythéas.” The accent might show that to this contributor Romaic has been a living thing; but our hopes are again dashed when another Massaliot geographer appears as “Euthymene.” Was he taken for a woman, or have we here a familiar abridgment, as when our fathers used to talk about Pompey and Tully?

But all this is nothing to an article headed “The Heir of the World, III.” We are here plunged among Fírbolgs, Tuatha de Danaans, Gadelians (*sic*), and suchlike. All these, we need not say, are old friends. But we did not expect to find the prophet Jeremiah in such company. First we are told:—

The story of Ollamh Fodhla, the princess, and the stone, is now too well known to need repetition here. Most surely the nation has never had any satisfactory account of the coronation stone until Mr. Glover published his “Remnant of Judah.”

We are unlucky in the same state in which the nation was

before Mr. Glover's publication. If any one had been kind enough to send us the first eleven numbers of *The Standard of Israel*, instead of cruelly beginning with the twelfth—if even any one had been kind enough to send us the first two numbers of "The Heir of the World," instead of cruelly beginning with the third—we might perhaps have known something of Mr. Glover and his "Remnant," and have profited by a satisfactory account of the coronation stone. As it is, we are only taught that Firkolgs, and Belgæ to boot, mean worshippers of Baal, and Tuatha de Danaans mean the tribe of Dan. What does puzzle us from our feeble reading of the Old Testament is how the tribe of Dan can be said to be a remnant of Judah. Anyhow the tribe of Dan got into Ireland. Their northern settlement in Palestine was not far from Tyre. "They participated largely in the commercial enterprises" of their neighbours; so, being "accustomed to do business in the mighty waters," they would not "tamely submit to be conquered and to follow the war chariot of the Assyrian monarch as captives to a distant land." So it seems they took to their ships and made for Ireland. "How else," it is pertinently asked, "can the appearance of a tribe of Dan be accounted for in Ireland?" What follows we must really give at full length:—

Again, is it anything unlikely that when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, the prophet Jeremiah, when at liberty to go where he pleased, should take advantage of the proximity of Tyre or Joppa, and sail with the "king's daughters" for the land where his brethren the Danites had preceded him, the knowledge of which could hardly have been concealed from him? and as Mr. Glover writes, he thus probably fulfilled the Divine commission to plant a kingdom by the marriage of the princess with the monarch of the isle; taking the stone, the palladium of the royal line of David, with him also. Certain it is that not only was some such marriage consummated, but that Ollamh Fodhla established a new religion, founded colleges for youth, just as we have seen was the case in Britain, promulgated a code of laws; and effected all this by convening a parliament of the nobles and people of the land, which assembled from that time forth at stated intervals. These *Gadelians* were of the same race as a portion of the inhabitants of Scotland, which country comes next under consideration.

We learn further that "the original of the word 'Gael'—if not the very word itself—is in the Bible; this may be matter of surprise to some, nevertheless such is the fact." "The meaning is *God of Fortune*; and Dr. Geiger states that so great was the reverence in which this deity was held, that the two and a half tribes on the east of Jordan were designated by the name of this god." Then we hear about "the aged monarch Bran," and how "the British Church was the first national Christian Church in the world," followed by some of the usual talk about Augustine, leading up to a foul slander of which we had really hoped that we had heard for the last time:—"Dinoh and his companions fell a sacrifice to the resentment of the Romish prelate, and they thus became the first Protestant martyrs."

If this is the kind of thing which we are to come to by turning into Jews, Ephraimites, or the tribe of Dan, we confess we should rather remain Englishmen—nay, in this cause we are ready to embrace Britons, Picts, Scots, anything else, for the whole Aryan family is threatened. There is, it seems, a great controversy whether the British people are descended from the ten tribes generally, or from the tribe of Ephraim only. On the latter view, it would seem that we are confined to that windy diet of which we spoke at the beginning. The Irish may be thought to be better off in this world, as there would seem to be nothing in a Danite origin to forbid the use of the potato. But then it would seem that it is only in this life that the Danites have their portion. In the Apocalyptic vision ten thousand were sealed of the tribe of Joseph, but of the tribe of Dan none. Can this be true of the Isle of Saints? Is such a theory as this consistent with justice to Ireland? Does it not look as if the intruding Saxon, in his new character of Ephraimite, was striving to shut poor Danite Paddy out of the next world, as he has already shut him out of the present?

THE DECREASE OF PAUPERISM.

DURING the period which elapsed between the overthrow of the first Napoleon and the middle of the present century, the burden of pauperism which weighed upon the industrial energies of the people was the subject of ever-present anxiety to all thoughtful men. For the three-and-twenty years ending in 1815 the country had been engaged in a life-and-death struggle—first, to prevent the spread of anarchical and subversive principles, and then to preserve existence itself. In the course of that desperate contest it had maintained a naval force such as had never before been kept up by so small a population. It had asserted the supremacy of England on every sea, had annexed and guarded colonies in every quarter of the globe, and had blockaded the coasts of entire continents. Large armies had been sent out to North and South America, to Africa and Asia, and to the Continent of Europe, and had been supported at a vast expense. Besides this, to carry on the war, immense subsidies had been paid to foreign Powers. From these causes a very large proportion of the savings of the country was for almost a quarter of a century withdrawn from productive industry, and expended on the arts of destruction. That the whole of the savings was not so diverted is evident from the fact that the maritime community availed itself of our naval victories to monopolize the carrying trade of the world, that the mercantile classes found the means to profit by the acquisitions of French, Dutch, Spanish, and Danish colonies, and by our con-

quests in India to develop the resources of our new possessions, and that manufacturers were able to lay the foundation of that pre-eminence from which we have since so greatly benefited. Yet the larger part of the annual savings was undoubtedly withdrawn from industrial enterprise, and either expended on war material or altogether sent out of the country. Manifestly the wages-fund was thereby diminished. It is true that the war itself gave employment to immense masses of people both in the Government workshops and in the army and navy. But their labour, it must be remembered, did not add to the capital of the country—that is, to the wages-fund. The enormous expenditure of the war, furthermore, necessitated an unheard-of increase of taxation. Every action of a man's life, almost from his birth to his death, was taxed, and so was every commodity of which he made use either for business or pleasure. This enormous taxation augmented beyond precedent the cost of the necessities of life. And thus the labouring classes doubly suffered. Again, the military genius of Napoleon, organizing the revolutionary enthusiasm of his soldiers, extended the sway of France for a while over Europe. And as the superiority of England's fleet prevented him from otherwise attacking her power, he made war upon her by excluding her goods from the Continent. Before his supremacy came to an end, the United States declared war against us, and thus we saw ourselves thrown back upon our own possessions, not only for a market for our wares, but also for the production of everything we required. The necessity of growing enough food for our own consumption at home was in this way very sharply impressed upon the rulers of those days. And when peace was restored, and prices fell in consequence of the sudden cessation of the enormous Government expenditure, the farmers found themselves in danger of bankruptcy. Under the *régime* of high prices they had taken leases at rents which now clearly could not be paid. Partly to encourage the growth of wheat at home, and partly to relieve the agricultural interest, the Corn Laws were passed. The result was to keep bread dear, and thus to aggravate the sufferings of the poor. The years which followed the close of the war, owing to all these reasons, were years of widespread distress, of languishing manufacture, and depressed trade. The period, too, was one of industrial transformation and manufacturing revolution. The sufferings of the working classes were in consequence prolonged and severe. It seemed as if destitution must engulf the country. And the maladministration of the old Poor Law intensified the evil. The rates were habitually used to supplement wages, and thus the self-respect and independence of the working classes was broken down, and they were being gradually trained up as paupers. A profound sense of disquiet pervaded society, and serious alarm was felt for the permanence of our institutions. The Castleteraghs, Sidmouths, and Eldons resorted to repressive measures; but, as the cause of the unrest was economical, not political, repressive measures simply turned agitators into rick-burners. Sir James Graham, in a letter written before the Reform era, tells us that, as he journeyed from London to Netherby, the sky was illuminated at night along the route by the reflection of burning corn. And Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his early novels, made his hero assign as a determining motive in selecting a bride his conviction that she would aid him in the battle he had vowed against pauperism. Coming down to a later period, we find that the most effective argument against the Corn-laws was their effect in producing an artificial dearth of bread, and thus intensifying the prevalent distress. And, finally, the Chartist movement itself was the fruit of a discontent engendered by misery.

It is unfortunate that we have no statistics of pauperism for the period of which we have been speaking. The first year for which such statistics exist is 1849. But in 1849 a whole generation had grown up since Waterloo, and had passed away. In the intervening four-and-thirty years the country had enjoyed unbroken peace, savings had accumulated, industry had been greatly developed, railways had been introduced, steam had been applied to the processes of manufacture, and the banking system had been extended in every direction. Moreover, wonderful progress had been made by our foreign customers. It is certain, therefore, that the condition of the people must have been considerably improved; and it is natural to suppose that the new Poor-law must have already checked pauperism. Yet in 1849 we find, from the recent Report of the Local Government Board, that the number of paupers in receipt of relief in England amounted to 1,088,659. The total population in that year is estimated at 17,534,000. Consequently 6·2 per cent. of the population of England and Wales were in 1849 wholly or partially dependent upon the rates for subsistence. In other words, out of every sixteen men, women, and children in the kingdom, one was compulsorily maintained by the charity of the remaining fifteen. It would be waste of time to dwell upon the oppressiveness of the burden thus thrown upon the industry of the people, and it will be admitted that the figures fully justify the alarm which pauperism then inspired. It must not be left out of sight, however, that 1849 was an exceptional year. For three years the most terrible famine of modern times had been raging in Ireland, and had driven multitudes to take refuge in this country. It is true that in 1849 the crisis had been passed, and though it can hardly be said that the famine was over, it had reached its last stage. The flow of the famine-stricken across the Channel had been stemmed, and large numbers of those who had taken refuge here had been sent back. But allowing that a large number of Irish poor remained in our workhouses, the fact remains that even in 1852, when the Irish famine had long ceased, and when the first

Exhibition was a thing of the past, one in twenty of the population of England and Wales was a pauper. With occasional and temporary exceptions, the number of paupers has steadily decreased since 1849, until last year it did not exceed 800,914, and we may add that the decrease still continues. Last year's figures show a diminution of 288,000 as compared with 1849, that is, considerably more than one-fourth. Head for head, therefore, there were not three paupers in England and Wales last year for every four six-and-twenty years before. But in the six-and-twenty years there was a great growth of the population of the kingdom, and consequently the real decrease was far greater than the above statement would make it appear. Instead of 17,534,000, as in 1849, the population last year was estimated to amount to 23,860,000. Thus, with an increase to the population of 6,326,000, or of 37 per cent., there has been a decrease in the number of paupers of 288,000, or of over 28 per cent. In other words, while the paupers in 1849 constituted 6·2 per cent. of the entire population, last year they formed only 3·4 per cent., or very slightly more than half the proportion. In other words, whereas at the former epoch one in sixteen was a pauper, the latter shows only one in thirty.

The period at which our comparison begins was contemporaneous with the final adoption of Free-trade, the repeal of the Navigation Laws completing the work begun by the abrogation of the duty on corn; and since then our fiscal system has been pruned and reformed, until our taxes press as lightly on industry as is consistent with the levying of a great revenue. However, we are not justified in inferring, as too often is done, that the wonderful advance in general well being which we have just been tracing is altogether the fruit of a Free-trade policy. No doubt Free-trade has contributed to improve the condition of the people. But, after all, it was only one of a multitude of concurring causes. To satisfy ourselves on this point, we have but to glance at the progress made by the United States, by France, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland, even by Italy, Austria, and Russia, and we shall see that a phenomenon so general cannot be accounted for by a local cause. Much is due to the long peace which, with brief interruptions, has now lasted throughout Europe for sixty years—the lifetime nearly of two whole generations. More still, perhaps, is due to the mechanical inventions of the last hundred years, more particularly to the steam-engine. This invention alone has made the vast manufacturing industry of the present day possible, and it has also effected that opening up of new countries and that abridgment of distances which has permitted the vast development of contemporary trade. But we need not enlarge on this point, which is sufficiently familiar to every reader. A cause better worth attention is to be found in the gold discoveries of California and Australia, which were also contemporaneous with the beginning of the period we have been passing under review. The first effect of those discoveries was to give California and Australia a new and immense purchasing power, and thus to create suddenly a vast trade between them and the more advanced countries of the world, our own particularly. They sent us in immense quantities their gold, and they took in exchange our manufactures. Thus they gave employment to large numbers of our workpeople. But the vast store of gold we thus came into possession of gave us also a new purchasing power. We sent part of the gold abroad, and we also sent much of our old silver which the new gold displaced, especially to India and China, and we bought tea, and cotton, and various things of which we had need. We also made great loans all over the world, stimulating enterprise, opening up new countries, and pushing trade. And what we did on a great scale less advanced countries did on a small one. Thus the gold discoveries tended in every direction to promote industry and extend commerce. They helped also to enable the United States and Australia to receive, give employment to, and absorb the millions of surplus population which Europe poured out upon them, thus benefiting at the same time the old world and the new, and converting those who would have been an encumbrance here into creators of wealth and valuable customers there.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

IT is not only in handicaps that the most startling surprises are witnessed, and that the disgraced loser of yesterday becomes the brilliant winner of to-day. The great two-year-old race of the Second October Meeting, the greatest two-year-old contest indeed of the whole season, resulted in as complete an upset of public form as the Cesarewitch itself. It is generally believed that a really good two-year-old can give almost any weight to horses of his own age, and indeed nothing is so common as to see the top weights in a Nursery win easily. In striking contradiction, however, to this theory, is the fact that, since the establishment of the Middle Park Plate, no two-year-old, however good—and such undeniably first-class animals as Achievement and Sunshine have made the endeavour—has succeeded in carrying the top weight to victory. What with penalties and allowances, there is a range of 10 lbs.—we are not including allowance for sex—between the highest and lowest weights; but the minor penalty of 4 lbs. has been found quite sufficient to stop some of the most brilliant two-year-olds. It stopped Marsworth, and it stopped Galopin, while the top weight of 9 st. 2 lbs. has only twice been carried into a place even, by Kingcraft in 1869, and by Couronne de Fer in 1873. Thus it will be seen that the Middle Park Plate is by no means a race for weight-carriers, and that the inducements to

start penalized horses are not flattering. Last week, out of eighteen runners, only one, Lady Golightly, carried the extreme penalty of 7 lbs.; one, Chamant, carried the minor penalty of 4 lbs.; two colts, Plunger and Orleans, and one filly, Fileuse, had the normal weights of 8 st. 9 lbs. and 8 st. 6 lbs. respectively, while the remaining thirteen were able to claim the 3 lbs. allowance for maidens. Among this last division were the high-priced Sidonia, own brother to Corisande, and Pellegrino, by The Palmer out of Lady Audley; King Clovis, a most promising colt of Lord Falmouth's, who ran second to Dee for the Chesterfield Stakes at the July meeting; The Rover, a son of Blair Athol and Crinon; and the colt by Buccaneer out of Voltella, who will do no discredit to his illustrious sire.

These five of the lightly-weighted division alone attracted attention, while of the unpenalized winners, Plunger, better known as the colt by Adventurer out of Lina, was naturally esteemed the most dangerous, his victory in the two-year-old sweepstakes at Doncaster having been accomplished in good style. The numerous defeats Chamant has experienced, especially at the Great Yorkshire Meeting, where both Lady Golightly and Plunger disposed of him without difficulty, prevented him from being regarded with any favour, it being thought impossible for him to give away weight to horses that had met him on even terms and had beaten him in a canter. The position of favourite ultimately fell to Lady Golightly, and, despite her 7 lbs. penalty, the form shown by Lord Falmouth's beautiful filly had been so good that she was judged capable, in a moderate field, of accomplishing a task to which Achievement and Sunshine proved themselves unequal. Plunger was next in favour, and the dark Sidonia was preferred to the remainder of the field, tried and untried alike. The eighteen runners got off at the first attempt to an even start, and the speedy Orleans, closely followed by Pellegrino, made the running at such a pace that half the field were disposed of at the end of a quarter of a mile. At the Bushes Lady Golightly went to the front, and, coming down the Abingdon hill, only she, Pellegrino, Plunger, Rover, and Chamant were left with any chance of success. The weight and the heavy ground told on Lord Falmouth's mare up the final hill, where Pellegrino held a slight advantage, and was going well enough to make his supporters enthusiastic. At this point he was simultaneously challenged by Chamant and Plunger, and a desperate struggle between the three ended in favour of the French horse by a head, Pellegrino beating Plunger by an equal distance, and Lady Golightly finishing a neck behind Plunger. Lady Golightly ran a good mare, and we confess that, considering the weights and the state of the ground, we were not surprised at the relative positions occupied at the finish by her and Plunger. Pellegrino also looked a much improved horse since he ran at Goodwood, and it was quite possible to forget that Shillelagh, whose subsequent form has been none of the best, then gave him 9 lbs. and an easy beating. The real surprise was the performance of Chamant, who had run six times previously, and had been well beaten five times out of the six. In the July Stakes he was unplaced to Lady Golightly and Warren Hastings; at Goodwood Shillelagh shook him off without an effort; at Lewes he received weight from Placida, Chevron, and Shillelagh, and all three beat him; and only a month ago at Doncaster he could not get in the first three for the Champagne, which Lady Golightly won by six lengths; and on the following day was beaten with almost equal ease by Plunger. To do what he did last week—to give Plunger 4 lbs., to run Lady Golightly at even weights, and to beat them both—shows that Chamant must have improved nearly a stone since his last appearance in public a month ago; and we believe his success in the Middle Park Plate was a matter of as much astonishment to those immediately connected with him as to racing men in general. The French horses, however, are in great form just now, and with such two-year-olds as Chamant, Verneuil, and Leopold in his stable, Count Lagrange bids fair to be as formidable as in the old days when Gladiateur and Fille de l'Air carried all before them. Plunger, who met with a slight disappointment at a critical point in the race, but for which he would as nearly as possible have won, is another horse of an improving sort; and his stable companion, the son of Buccaneer and Voltella, The Rover, and King Clovis, will in all probability distinguish themselves at some future time. But, take them all together, the Middle Park Plate competitors in 1876 can hardly be considered up to the standard of former years.

Next to the Middle Park Plate, the Prendergast was the most interesting two-year-old event of the Second October week. Though the field only numbered four, yet in this small party were the third and fourth in the Middle Park Plate, and Palm Flower, the winner of the rich Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge and of other races. Lady Golightly carried 9 lbs., Palm Flower 6 lbs., and Plunger 3 lbs. extra, and the last-named showed himself just as much at home on the easy T.Y.C. as over the severer six furlongs of the Brethby Stakes course. He not only disposed cleverly of Palm Flower, but he got Lady Golightly into hopeless trouble some distance from home. Lord Falmouth's beautiful filly had evidently not recovered from her exertions on the previous day, while Plunger seemed all the better for his. The style in which the son of Adventurer won must have been highly satisfactory to his friends; but the two-year-old running has been so perplexingly in and out as to suggest the belief that the form is not very brilliant; and it would be difficult at the present moment, even if there were the disposition, to select a winter favourite for the Derby. The Criterion and the Dewhurst Plate may tell us something more definite next week. The companion race to the Prendergast, the Clearwell, fell to Silvio, who beat

Shillelagh, Covenanter, and Collingbourne easily enough, but had all his work to do to get out of the way of Hadrian; and as Hadrian could not get nearer than ninth in the Middle Park Plate, here was another testimony to the moderate form of the two-year-olds. The two Nurseries were carried off by Kitty Sprightly and Kino, the latter beating a field of twenty with consummate ease; and Midlothian, at one time believed to be a high-class two-year-old, figured successfully in a selling race against a dozen competitors. Throughout the week, indeed, the fields were large, thanks to the soft going. Of minor handicaps, we need only remark that La Coureuse won the Cesarewitch Trial so cleverly from Admiral Byng and Lilian that she must have been formidable in the Cesarewitch itself at her original weight, had she been reserved for it; that Ecossais, who over short courses promises to be a second Lowlander, won the Flying Welter, under a welter weight, from some very speedy antagonists; and that in the Autumn Handicap Hazeldean took ample revenge for her defeat in the Great Eastern, beating not only her old antagonist Timour, but, in addition, Wild Tommy, Strathavon, Ecossais, Slumber, and La Sautouse—in fact, as good a handicap field, over a short course, as ran during the week.

One of the best weight-for-age races of the meeting fell to a two-year-old, Bruce, whose clever victory over Lollypop on a five-furlong course, exactly suited to the latter, was a performance of exceeding merit, Lollypop being, as we saw at Doncaster, in excellent form just now. The speedy Crann Tair ran also in this race, but four furlongs suit her better than five. The French horses ran first and second in the Royal Stakes, and also in the Newmarket Oaks, and on both occasions the one that was trusted to win was beaten by the second string of the stable. Allumette beat Camembert, and Lina beat Augusta for the Oaks, though either could have won by a couple of lengths. Old Oxonian came out in something like his old form and won two small weight-for-age races. The company he had to meet was not very good, but still he was able to show that his well-known dash of speed had not altogether deserted him. Farnese also did good service for Captain Machell, and, but that Lord Falmouth does not care about winning selling races, it is almost a pity that he parted with the speedy son of Parmesan. For the Beresford Stakes, two old opponents, Great Tom and Wild Tommy, found themselves in the company of Twine the Plaiden and Camembert, and Mr. Bowes's mare, who has been gaining race after race of late, was again proclaimed the winner. The poor form shown throughout the week by Wild Tommy does not speak much for the form of the St. Leger field; but the Duke of Hamilton's big three-year-old is not a horse who can go on racing week after week without a rest, and Great Tom beat him as well as Twine the Plaiden. Then, again, Great Tom was in turn beaten for the Newmarket Derby by Skylark, who in the St. Leger finished lengths behind Wild Tommy, so that a good deal of the gilt is taken off Petrarch's victory. Eight ran for the amalgamated Queen's Plates, including Craig Millar, Charon, Coltness, La Coureuse, old Lilian, and Hazeldean—the latter about the last animal we should have expected to see taking part in a two-mile contest. On the Doncaster Cup running this race seemed an easy affair for Craig Millar; but, strange to say, he was in difficulties a long way from the finish, and, after a good struggle between Charon and La Coureuse, the former won by a length or more, thus recompensing the Duke of Hamilton for his disappointment with him at Doncaster. The fact was that at Doncaster the horses cantered gently for the greater part of the distance, and only raced for about the last three-quarters of a mile. These tactics just suited Craig Millar, a speedy horse, but a questionable stayer. Now, however, Coltness made the pace warm from the commencement, and did his best to cut down his field, and this effectually destroyed Craig Millar's chance. Charon, on the other hand, proved himself able to stay to the finish of a fast-run race, while that honest mare La Coureuse gave fresh evidence that she would have been a formidable antagonist to Rosebery and Woodlands had she been reserved for the Cesarewitch.

The notices of amendments to the new code of racing law recommended by the Committee of the Jockey Club are not numerous, but two of them at least are important. Mr. Chaplin proposes to expunge the rule relating to assumed names—in fact, to prohibit the practice altogether. We wish his amendment the success which we fear it will fail to meet. The Committee, by proposing an annual fee of fifty guineas for every registration of an assumed name, have shown plainly enough their desire to discourage the custom; and it is pretty safe to assume that whatever in a sport like horse-racing deserves to be discouraged might be done away with altogether without any great disadvantage. The Committee, bearing in mind the mixed character of the modern supporters of racing, have probably not judged it expedient to push their opinions to the legitimate conclusion; and we can hardly hope that the Jockey Club, acting collectively, will venture on a bolder course than the picked counsellors of their body have recommended. Nevertheless Mr. Chaplin, whether he is defeated or not, will do well to persevere with an amendment which is framed with a view to the best interests of the Turf. Prince Bathynay and Lord Rosslyn propose to raise the question whether horses should be disqualified for their engagements on account of the death of their nominators, and to relax the severity of the existing rules on this subject. There is undoubtedly a great deal to be said both for and against the present law. On the one hand, racing suffers when perhaps the best horses of the year are prevented from competing for the great prizes of the Turf by such an accidental cause as the

death of a nominator; on the other, if nominations were transferable without sufficient safeguards and restrictions, the general body of subscribers to important engagements would be placed at a disadvantage, and might justly complain of being unfairly dealt with. The law, as it stands at present, is a grievance without doubt; but it will be a matter of no slight difficulty so to alter it as not to create another and possibly a worse grievance in its place.

REVIEWS.

PARKER'S FORUM ROMANUM AND VIA SACRA.*

SOME critic said of Mr. Parker's writings about Rome that they were like Rome itself. A great deal might be learned from them; but you had to dig to find it. Our first puzzle on opening the present volume was to find out in what relation it stood to Mr. Parker's former work, the *Archæology of Rome*. We first came to a title-page, which we have copied or abridged after the usual form. Then comes "Preface to Forum Romanum, &c."; then "Contents.—Forum Romanum." This is followed by sixty-four pages numbered as pages commonly are; then come a number of pages not numbered, seemingly because there is a plate opposite to each, though we are at a loss to guess why this should have kept them from being numbered. Then we come to another title-page, "The Via Sacra in Rome," &c., with another Preface and Contents, pp. i.-xviii. Then we start again with p. 65, and so on to p. 120, including an alphabetical index to the numbered pages. Then come more unnumbered pages with plates, as before, and, last of all, a third title-page, by which it appears that "The Forum Romanum and the Via Sacra" after all make up Volume II. of the *Archæology of Rome*. Moreover, in a note to the second preface we read:—"This is the high bank mentioned by Frontinus in his treatise on the Aqueducts (see my chapter on that subject)." We would gladly follow this advice if we knew how; but there is no chapter on the Aqueducts in this volume, nor was there any in the first volume on the *Archæology of Rome*. The small section on aqueducts in p. 34 cannot be meant, because in that very section there is another reference to "the Chapter on the Aqueducts and the photographs of them, and the plates to that Chapter." We would gladly see the photographs and the plates, but they are not in any of the volumes now before us. We are fairly puzzled; we are altogether landed in chaos. We grope about in our chaos, and at every moment we lay our hand on some precious substance or other; but how much trouble would have been saved if Mr. Parker could have found some other quarter than chaos to stow away his precious materials in.

We are driven, then, to look up and down the various parts of Mr. Parker's book, just as we look up and down the different parts of Rome itself, knowing that if we dig we are sure to find something, but that we shall not find it without the digging. The volume is absolutely without method, or, if there be any, it is one so subtle that we have not been able to grasp it. We get, for instance, a kind of autobiography of Mr. Parker; what Lord Stanhope said to him, how he was introduced to M. de Caumont and Dr. Buckland, how the present Pope called him a benefactor of Rome, and gave him a medal, and how Prince Humbert honoured him with a private interview, and thought that he was evidently an archaeologist of much experience. All this was doubtless very pleasant; but it is hard to see why it should be put in a book at all; it is harder still to see why it should be put in the middle of the present volume between the Forum Romanum and the Via Sacra. If we rightly remember, there used to be certain law pleadings in which everything that happened, in whatever part of the world, was held by a legal fiction to have happened in the ward of Cheap in the city of London. Surely we have here some fiction of the kind at work; surely Mr. Parker's interviews with Lord Stanhope, the Pope, Prince Humbert, and all the rest, did not all happen exactly at the point of junction of the Forum Romanum and the Via Sacra. But when we leave this central point, so oddly chosen for these details, and set to work to dig on either side of us towards the beginning of the volume or towards the end, we are sure to find something worth finding at every stroke of the spade. The plates alone would be of a high value, if there were nothing else in the book. Mr. Parker has done well in getting together such a collection, showing both whole buildings and details, both picturesque views and more strictly architectural representations. Some of them show the whole Forum, or different parts of it, at different times, marking the changes which it has undergone, and specially bringing out, what those who know Rome only in its present state are apt to forget, to how great height everything was covered up only a few years ago. And to these views of buildings in their past and present state Mr. Parker has done well to add some photographs of medals representing various buildings in the Forum. These of course cannot be trusted for minute accuracy of architectural detail, but something may in all cases be learnt from them—as, for instance, that the Æmilian basilica had two ranges of columns. In another coin we see the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius, with the great Marcellus dedi-

* *The Forum Romanum*. By John Henry Parker, C.B. Oxford: Parker. London: Murray. 1876.

eating his *spolia opima*. But what is to be made of Mr. Parker's comment?—

On the obverse is a head, supposed to be the portrait of M. C. Marcellus, the conqueror of Sicily. This medal was struck by his descendant, Cornelius P. Sertulus Marcellinus, n.c. 18, with the Sicilian symbol, the triquetra, or triple leg, with the name MARCELLINVS. It is singular that the triple leg is the heraldic badge of the Isle of Man, between England and Ireland, and it may be said Scotland also; perhaps the triple leg is an allusion to this circumstance, that the tribe of Marcellinus may have occupied an island similarly situated.

Mr. Parker perhaps does not know how a scholar groans at seeing a man described as "M. C. Marcellus." And the strange collection of names by which Mr. Parker describes his descendant is found, on a little searching, to stand for "P. Cornelius Lentulus Marcellinus." The likeness between the badges of Man and of Sicily is curious. But what Mr. Parker means by the tribe of Marcellinus, or in what island he quarters that tribe, is altogether beyond us. This is a specimen of the loose and unscholarlike way in which Mr. Parker copies everything, translates everything, refers to everything, and which, though he is fond of sneering at scholars, and specially at German scholars, is really a matter of some importance. Take, for instance, a subject on which Mr. Parker has done really good service. When we have the thing once pointed out to us, we cannot possibly believe that "the building with two apses back to back, which is commonly called the Temple of Venus at Rome," could really have been so. But why does Mr. Parker tell us that "the Temple of Rome was originally covered with bronze plates, and these remained upon it until A.D. 625, when Honorius I. obtained a grant of them from the Emperor Heraclius, on his visit to Rome in that year, for the church of St. Peter in the Vatican, then rebuilding"? Mr. Parker refers to and quotes a passage from "Anastasius, 8." We do not know how Mr. Parker reckons, but the passage will be found in the third volume of Muratori, p. 136. But Anastasius does not fix the work to the year 625, a year unlikely as regards the Pope, who only began to reign in the November of that year, impossible as regards the Emperor, who, as far as we can see, never was at Rome in his life, and who in 625 was far away fighting with the Persians. Nor was St. Peter's church rebuilding at the time. Anastasius carefully distinguishes between the churches which Honorius built ("fecit") and his works at St. Peter's, which were merely repairs and decorations. All this mass of error was absolutely uncalled for, because it had nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand. The one fact which really concerned Mr. Parker was the fact that Honorius took away the bronze plates from the Temple of Rome to cover the roof of St. Peter's, and this is plainly enough asserted by Anastasius, though the rebuilding of the church and the visit of the Emperor are wholly imaginary. The real misfortune is that this kind of thing brings Mr. Parker's real discoveries into undeserved discredit. We believe that he is quite right in his view about the Temple of Rome; but many will be tempted to think that he must be wrong when they find him in this way quoting Anastasius for things that Anastasius does not say. So again, on another point, Mr. Parker holds that the Ionic temple commonly called that of Saturn is really the Temple of Vespasian, and that the three lovely Corinthian columns which are commonly assigned to Vespasian really belong to Saturn. We are by no means so certain that Mr. Parker is right on this head as we are with regard to the Temple of Rome; still the new doctrine is supported by plausible arguments, and is quite worth considering. But Mr. Parker spoils his argument by a grotesque misunderstanding of a passage in Cicero, and then is so ill advised as to dispute about it with so safe a scholar as Mr. Boase. When Cicero says, "Quæ est igitur accusatio quæ facilius possit Alpes quam paucos erarii gradus ascendere?" he is certainly doing the exact opposite to comparing the steepness of the steps to that of the Alps.

What again can Mr. Parker mean when he tells us:—

The Church of SS. Sergius and Bacchus, martyrs, was founded (?) or restored (?) in the time of Pope Hadrian I., A.D. 790, by Antistes, *præsumus*, which is, literally, a prophet, but was then the title of an officer of the Church.

Any one who understands Latin must see that "præsumus antistes" is simply one of the endless laudatory epithets, "egregius antistes," "elegantissimus præsul," and what not, which Anastasius throughout the life lavishes on the Pope himself. In another place Mr. Parker tells us that the spoils of Jerusalem "were carried into Asia by Genseric, or at least taken from Rome with that intention." Why Genseric should have formed so strange an intention as that of carrying anything into Asia, Mr. Parker does not explain. But almost more amazing than this unexplained whim of the Vandal king is the statement that certain trophies remained in the Lateran "until the sack of Rome by the Bourbons, when they disappeared."

Now we wish to insist on two points. One is that, after all, notwithstanding the strange form into which Mr. Parker throws his materials, notwithstanding blunders in detail almost beyond parallel, he has done really good work at Rome. It is a great pity that he will talk nonsense about Heraclius and Genseric and the Bourbons; but the nonsense is really off the point. Mr. Parker's notions about the basilica of Constantine are quite worth weighing; they are none the less worth weighing because of the stuff about Genseric and the Bourbons which has got into the same page with them. But, on the other hand, if Mr. Parker took common care to be accurate about such matters, he would not have laid himself open to a contempt on the part of scholars which is perfectly natural, but which, as regards the essence of his

work, is not deserved. If Mr. Parker cannot construe "præsumus antistes," if he does not know where Genseric reigned, if he turns one dead Bourbon into several living Bourbons, he has nevertheless done thoroughly good service among the antiquities of Rome. Still all these mistakes and confusions disqualify him from really entering into the full spirit and meaning of the city and the buildings which he describes.

In one point we see an advance. When Mr. Parker says of the exquisite portico of the Dii Consentes that "the quasi-Corinthian capitals are a step in the history of architecture intermediate between the proper classical type and the mediæval," this is a sign that he is, among his other subjects of research at Rome, beginning to pay some attention to the architecture of the Roman monuments, and to the light which they throw on the development of art. A treatise on the archaeology of Rome would certainly be imperfect without some artistic notice of its buildings, and we are glad that Mr. Parker, who has worked so much at English and French architecture, has begun to turn his mind that way. These capitals, like those which are preserved in the Tabularium and those which lie unheeded in the Baths of Caracalla, do form, as Mr. Parker says, a most important link. The trophies, the human and animal forms, show a real advance, a real soaring above rigid rules. So, whenever Mr. Parker comes to the Baths of Diocletian, it will be of special importance to him to examine into the evidence—for some evidence there certainly is—for believing that what Diocletian did at Spalato he did at Rome also.

We ought to mention that, among his photographic plates, Mr. Parker gives one of the famous Monument of Ancyra, the record of the acts of Augustus as set forth by himself. In Mr. Parker's reduction it is very small; still it is something to see the exact form of the original, and it fits in well with the topography of the Forum.

We must end by again repeating our deep sense of Mr. Parker's real services to Roman archaeology, combined with our regret that lack of order should have made his books so much harder to make use of than they might have been, and that a lack of sound scholarship, we might almost say a contempt for sound scholarship, has led him into mistakes which are likely to make his real researches less valued than they deserve to be.

GEORGE SAND'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THE autobiography of George Sand has been republished in four closely printed volumes of moderate size, and appears less formidable than in the numerous volumes of the original edition. No arrangement of type can, however, make it anything but a very long and not very readable work. There is some interest attaching to parts of George Sand's story, and there are passages in the book which no one but George Sand could have written. But it is lamentably diffuse, and is stuffed with extraneous padding beyond the limits of even an indulgent reader's indulgence. More than a fourth of the work is not in any sense the history of George Sand's life. It is a publication of a pile of letters which her father wrote to her grandmother before she was born, or while she was a child in arms. It required all the assurance of an established literary reputation to offer as a portion of an autobiography the letters of a person who had been dead fifty years when the autobiography was written, and who died when the autobiographer was three years old. That the autobiography proper is made to last through so many pages is chiefly due to the style of writing which in George Sand was partly natural, and partly fostered by the pleasing sense of facility accompanying its use and by the knowledge that every page she wrote would be paid for. In one way her style is admirable. It is flowing, easy, free from affectation, and full of masterly turns of language. In every page there are sentences which are models of French composition. But it is a style singularly adapted for the practice of the great art of spinning out what the writer has to say. She found it at once pleasant, easy, and lucrative to give half-a-dozen pages to a description of the birds she kept, and as many to a memoir of her dolls. This kind of easy writing is proverbially hard reading, and George Sand never abandoned herself to it so completely as in her autobiography. She is never prosy, for she writes too well; but she often inspires the feeling with which we listen to a good sermon after we begin to feel hungry. It is excellent, but we wish it would stop.

The mode, therefore, in which the work is composed is enough to prevent its ever becoming popular. The materials, too, which the writer had at her command are not of a very engaging character. They are, to a large extent, only materials because the writer chooses to say they are. There can be no end to autobiographies if the historian is free to chronicle everything that may in some obscure way have influenced character, or come across the thread of existence. At the opening of the work the reader is offered an elaborate portraiture of George Sand's great-grandfather's second wife. This lady had not the remotest connexion with George Sand by lineage, and could have had no more influence on her character than Marie Antoinette had. But she made a person to write about, and any person or thing that could be somehow connected with a relation, a friend, or an acquaintance, came within George Sand's

* *George Sand: Œuvres Complètes. Histoire de sa vie.* Nouvelle Édition. Paris: Lévy. 1876.

unbounded notions of the permissible materials of an autobiography. All that can be said for the book is that any one who likes to read it will have gone through nearly two thousand pages of exceedingly well-written French, will know something about George Sand, and will have discovered some descriptions that are really powerful and some thoughts that are really suggestive. During the perusal he may have often regretted that two-thirds of the book were ever written. There is not the slightest harm in them, but they are either foreign to the subject or tediously diffuse. All this Frenchmen, it may be presumed, would feel as much as Englishmen. But to us in England peculiar obstacles present themselves in the way of any very ready enjoyment of the work. It is the study of the life and character of a woman. It therefore takes us into a region of literature that is above all others distasteful. We have been saturated with studies of the lives and characters of women, with analyses of every shade of feminine goodness and badness, until the heart is sick and the soul faint at the prospect of adding to the long list of the delineations of how women feel, and why they feel, and what makes them feel, and whether they ought or ought not to feel. The virtues, too, as well as the failings of George Sand are thoroughly un-English. No English girl ever did feel, or could feel, ever did behave, or could behave, as she felt and behaved. It is therefore hard to do her justice. No habit is more deeply rooted in the English mind than that of taking for granted that we ought to imitate what we admire; and it is perhaps true that we gain by the habit more than we lose. If it is asked whether the history of the life of George Sand is the history of a life to imitate which would make an Englishwoman happy and good, it must be answered that it is not such a history. But to do justice to George Sand we must approach her and her history from a different point of view. The difference between George Sand and the introspective heroine of English fiction is, first, that she really lived, and, secondly, that she was a woman of genius. If we once decide that we have nothing to do with her as a model of English conduct, we shall find in her and her history much that deserves admiration and respect.

When, however, we say that she is not to be taken as a model of English conduct, it must not be supposed that her autobiography is in the least tainted with the records or feelings of impurity. A book more absolutely pure could not be found. If she ever had any feelings or faults that would not bear to be written down, they find no place in her autobiography. The coldness of the book to all that has to do with the love of men and women is as the coldness of ice. Her warmth of feeling, so far as it finds expression in this record, ran in a different groove. She tells us how she esteemed her grandmother, idolized and quarrelled with her foolish mother, bore with the brutality of a drunken brother, made and kept a few intimate friends while she shocked a provincial public by her eccentricities, was the sister of the poor, and adored her children, and especially her boy, with a jealous infatuation. When, again, it is said that there was much in her to love and admire, it must not be supposed that she depicts herself as a person whom it was at all easy or pleasant to live with. She professed to write the truth when she wrote her history, and she certainly does not paint her own portrait in very glowing colours. She was by nature very melancholy and very excitable; she was often brooding, and was often seized with spasmodic views of her duties. She was constantly taking up new and quaint views of her relations to others in the depths of her soul, and astonishing her little circle by the varying lights in which she regarded them. She was not practical. She was obliged to give up housekeeping because she could not keep within the sum fixed for her expenses. In a quarter of a century, by the hard labour of her pen, she made nearly a million of francs, and at the end of the quarter of a century she was still obliged to write to live. She was eccentric, and she was eccentric on principle. To escape from the bondage of conventionalities seemed to her the height of bliss, and she found one method of such escape in constantly dressing in man's clothes. She separated herself from her sex even more completely by a hatred for the toilet and all that has to do with it. She took part in *la chasse* after a truly French fashion, pushing her ardour to the length of rheumatism in the great art of decoying quails into a net. When her society did not suit her, she used to go to her bedroom and ponder over the mystery of existence. A woman less suited for the ordinary routine of married life could not be conceived, and perhaps her best excuse for making her husband indifferent was that she was really and truly miserable herself.

The simple outline of her story may be briefly summed up as follows:—Aurora Dupin was the granddaughter of an illegitimate daughter of Marshal Saxe, who, after having been married to Count Horn, was considered to be descending in her second marriage with M. Dupin, the son of a farmer-general. He was sixty when he married, and died at seventy, leaving his widow with one son and a fortune embarrassed, though still considerable, out of the wreck of which she bought the small property of Nohant in Berry, which descended to George Sand, and where the novelist spent most of her life, and where she died a few months ago. The son lived to be an officer in the army, had the honesty to marry the mother of George Sand, the daughter of a bookseller, just before the birth of Aurora in 1804, and was killed by a fall from his horse at Nohant in 1807, when Aurora was three years old. The child was passionately attached to her mother, a foolish, excitable, ignorant woman; but her grandmother, who was not only the great lady of the family, but a woman of character and sense, with a sort of Voltairian high breeding, prevailed in the family contests

that inevitably ensued, and the little girl was left in her charge, while the mother went off to Paris. Aurora was educated by a dependant of the family, who had previously been the tutor of her father. She had, she tells us, no memory and no love of study, and, although she acquired a habit of discussing subjects much beyond her years, she made little progress in languages or accomplishments. When she was thirteen she was sent to the English convent at Paris, where, after having at first distinguished herself as one of the ringleaders of school-girl mischief, she suddenly took an intensely devout turn, and wished to devote herself to a religious life; but she was firmly and judiciously discouraged in her purpose by the convent authorities. At sixteen she left the convent and returned to Nohant, where she was allowed to do just as she pleased, exchanged devotion for philosophy, wandered over the fields dressed in boy's clothes with her former tutor, and rode, thought, and wept to her heart's satisfaction. When, however, she was little more than seventeen her grandmother died, and she went to join her mother at Paris. There, in the following spring, she met M. Dudevant, and married him in the autumn. It was a marriage, if not of love, yet of inclination, and she chose for herself. But it was from the outset an unhappy one. It is greatly to her credit that, whatever complaints she may have had against her husband, they find scarcely any place in her autobiography, while she freely gives us to understand how very trying she must have been to her husband, with her fits of depression, her indifference to the life around her, and her adoration of her baby. At last, after eight years of discord, she made, and her husband gladly accepted, the proposal that she should live at least half the year in Paris. All that she asked was sixty pounds a year to live on, and she purposed making up by writing what more was necessary. She took a garret and dressed as a man, this form of clothing being, she tells us, much more economical as well as more comfortable than that of a woman. Even with this help she found it very hard to support herself and her youngest child, a little girl, but she felt she could write, and persevered. Jules Sandeau so entirely recast her first effort, *Rose et Blanche*, as to make it his own. The publishers asked for another work, and as *Indiana*, her next effort, was entirely her composition, Jules Sandeau could not put his name to it, and her husband's family strongly objected to her putting her own. A friend suggested that Sand would be a happy compromise between borrowing and abandoning Jules Sandeau's name altogether. She prefixed George as a common Berry name, in harmony with her clothes, and calculated to propitiate the critics, who would not easily have allowed that a woman could write well. *Indiana* was followed by *Valentine*; and before she was thirty she found that she had won a position which, so long as health and strength lasted, would secure her a modest competence; and in 1833 she was able to go to Italy, and find in Venice the foundation for the first portion of *Consuelo*. In 1835 she separated finally from her husband, obtaining a judicial decree in her favour, after charges and recriminations of a very painful kind. Finally, in 1838, she bought of him, to use her own words, the exclusive management of her two children for 2,000*l.*, and thenceforward their relations were of a very distant but amicable kind. Her boy's health was precarious, and she took him a long journey in the south of Europe, accompanied by the musician Chopin, with whom she says she lived for eight years on a footing of maternal friendship, although she often found him an insufferable nuisance, as he was even more depressed, wayward, and irritable than she was herself. Accident or predilection led her to place herself subsequently under the guidance of the leading Socialists of the day; and there appears to have been no one in her long and varied career whom she worshipped with the ecstatic admiration that she bestowed on Pierre Leroux. Towards the end of the reign of Louis Philippe she began to collect materials for her autobiography, and finished it by composing at intervals in the seven years from 1848 to 1855. The new edition contains a short appendix, in which, in the form of a letter to Louis Ulbach, she brings her history down to 1869; but the notice she supplies of her later years is too scanty and general to add anything to the reader's knowledge of her life; and if fresh materials are needed, they must be sought in the numerous works which she continued to publish until death arrested her pen.

An impartial perusal of the autobiography will give, on the whole, a high notion of George Sand's character. Many as were her faults, and great as are the imperfections of her writings, there was both in her life and in what she wrote a spirit of nobleness which, if sometimes obscured, was never absent. She strove to think and to act rightly. Her bent was to what was extreme, but it was also to what was generous, and she devoted herself to what seemed from time to time to her to be true. She threw herself passionately into the most mystical form of Catholicism, and then with equal passion into a philosophical creed which had at least the merit of satisfying her. She had a deep sense of the misery of the world. It gave her genuine pain that vice and misfortune made so many human beings unhappy, and would continue to make them unhappy in spite of anything she could do for them. She was on all occasions ready to do anything for anybody. Her demonstrative attachment to her mother was largely due to a wish not to have it thought she was too grand to own a mother much below her father's family in position. Through evil and good she clung to her friends, and her friends clung to her. Her continued poverty was in a great degree caused by her profuse charity. The thought of God and the thought of the poor were the two main thoughts of her life. She was not talk-

ing mere fine talk when she said that what made her really happy was the consciousness that, however much she might be decried or blamed, she clung to truth. Admirable as may be this clinging to the truth in the sense in which George Sand meant it, those who are qualified to enjoy the happiness it affords are very limited in number. It means clinging to a bold, unusual, decisive opinion, and such opinions are generally formed by seeing things from a single exclusive point of view. This point of view may be the right one, or it may not, while the happiness of adhering to it seems much the same in either case. Whatever merits, however, there are in honest enthusiasm, George Sand possessed them, and it is undeniable that much of the interest of her writings depends on her power of inspiring the conviction that, if she was an enthusiast, she was an honest one. At the same time she was neither in her life nor in her writings wanting in a streak of common sense. She was always ready to retire from society, to live a humble country life, to share the griefs and joys of the poor. She kept entirely out of the region of current politics. She knew that she knew nothing of history or science. All this is reflected in her works, which are for the most part distinguished by a sensible want of sense. Of the more intimate secrets of her genius her life tells nothing, as they were necessarily unknown even to herself. Neither her history nor her self-analysis could explain how she came to write *Mauvrat* and *Consuelo*. It is enough for those who care to pursue the study to find that in her writings there were elements constantly present which were reflections of what she herself felt, or did, or suffered; and that it may be said for her, what cannot be said for all writers of genius, that on the whole she gained by the story of her life, or of as much as she could tell of it, being known.

HOWORTH'S HISTORY OF THE MONGOLS.*

THE portly volume before us, containing nearly eight hundred pages closely printed in small type, is only Vol. I. It is devoted to the history of the Mongols proper and the Kalmuks. The Eastern Mongols, to whom the name of Mongol properly belongs, engross eight chapters of the work; the Western Mongols or Kalmuks occupy four chapters. It is a work of immense research and labour, and does infinite credit to the author's industry; but it is a book of reference, not a book to read. The author himself says, "Some few, may be, will read it; others turn to it to verify a fact"; but the man who will read it through must bring to the perusal a previous knowledge of the subject, or a great thirst for information, an indomitable perseverance, and a very clear head to carry him through the complicated and bewildering narrative. The Mongols have exercised a very great influence upon the history of the world; a direct and depressing influence over a large portion of the earth, and an indirect influence over many parts into which they never penetrated. It is curious how little has been written in English about the Mongols. Mr. Howorth gives a list of the authors to whom he is indebted for his materials, and, but that the name of Marco Polo introduces Colonel Yule, his able and learned editor, there is not an English name among them. Gibbon's sixty-fourth chapter has been the source to which Englishmen in general have been indebted for their knowledge of the Mongols; and although later investigations have brought forth additional facts and have discovered some errors in his narrative, it is a masterly summary, and will satisfy the wants of men who take no special interest in the subject. Another excellent summary of Mongol history is given in the late Mr. Erskine's introduction to his *Life of Baber*; and, as he was an Oriental scholar, it merits and will well repay a careful perusal. Like Gibbon, Mr. Howorth has worked entirely upon "translations and commentaries." He has approached "the problem" (of this history) "as an ethnologist and historian, and not as a linguist, and" he has "had no access to the authorities in their original language." After making this confession, he goes on to justify himself against an opinion expressed by Sir H. Rawlinson (to whom the book is dedicated), "that a man ought not to write history who cannot read the original script in which the narrative was put down." This dictum, though true in the main, is, like most general maxims, open to exception; and the history of the Mongols is an exception, for the history of this people is not to be found in their own language, but in Chinese, Persian, Armenian, and various European languages. But for all this, and notwithstanding the abundant materials that Mr. Howorth has possessed, a knowledge of the language would still have been an advantage; for nothing gives a man so thorough and appreciative an acquaintance with a foreign race as a knowledge of the language in which they think and speak.

Mr. Howorth is quite alive to the intricacy of the work he has undertaken, and the difficulty of making it clear and intelligible. He says:—

If we wish to enter upon a branch of inquiry which seems utterly wanting in unity, to be as disintegrated as sand, and defying any orderly and rational treatment, we can hardly choose a better one than the history of the Asiatic nomads. These tribes, which, under a variety of names, occupy the vast steppe lands, the deserts, mountains, and river valleys which stretch from the frontiers of Hungary to the Yellow Sea, seem at first sight to be quite unconnected with one another in history and traditions; and, unless we can find some common element around which to group the story, we cannot hope to make much headway.

* *History of the Mongols from the Ninth to the Nineteenth Century. Part I. The Mongols Proper and the Kalmuks.* By Henry H. Howorth, F.S.A. With 2 Maps, by E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1876.

The author has found a convenient central point in Jingis Khán, the chief under whose guidance the Mongols first played a prominent part in the world's history. Mr. Howorth spells the name Jingis, and we are not going to gainsay him. Gibbon spelt it Zingis, but Dr. Wm. Smith in a note says, "The proper orthography of the name is Tchinggis." Here he overlooked the fact that his authority was French, and that a Frenchman is obliged to use *ch* to represent the sound of the English *ch*. Some good authorities write Chengiz, others Changiz, and a variety of other forms might be adduced. If Colonel Yule is right, we have another form of the name in Chaucer's "Cambuscan bold." The orthography of Mongol names is attended with more than the usual difficulty attaching to Oriental names. In languages in which the orthography has not been settled by widespread education and the printing-press, men will spell the same name in a variety of ways. We have not yet settled the correct spelling of Shakspeare's name. So it was with the Mongols. Our knowledge of this race comes to us mainly through the Chinese and Persians, who represented the Mongol sounds according as their ear directed them. There is consequently a great variety in the spelling of Mongol and Turki names in Persian. Lastly, there comes the diversity of spelling in turning the Persian or other Oriental characters into European letters. It is no easy matter, then, to answer the question, What is the right way of spelling the name of him whom, following Mr. Howorth, we shall call Jingis Khán.

The Mongols are the central nation of the three great nations or divisions into which the Tatar races of Asia are divided. On their west lie the most numerous nation the Turks, on their east the Manchus or Tunguses. All these nations are made up of an infinite number of hordes and tribes, and all three come under the one generic name of Tatar. They are nomads; they speak languages closely allied in form and structure, and they are similar in temper and character. The name of Mongol, before it was made famous by Jingis Khán, belonged to a small and obscure tribe; through his conquests it became the general designation of all the cognate tribes. The name of Jingis Khán calls up the idea of a ruthless conqueror, a "Scourge of God"—a great general, but a savage barbarian. According to Mr. Howorth this is very wrong. He is commonly looked upon

as one of those terrible conquerors whose march across the page of history is figured by the simile of a swarm of locusts, or a fire in a Canadian forest; but this is doing gross injustice to Jingis Khán. Not only was he a conqueror, a general whose consummate ability made him overthrow every barrier that must intervene between the chief of a small barbarous tribe of an obscure race and the throne of Asia, and this with a rapidity and uniform success that can only be compared to the triumphant march of Alexander. But he was far more than conqueror. Alexander, Napoleon, and Timur were all more or less his equals in the art of war. But the colossal powers they created were merely hills of sand, that crumbled to pieces as soon as they were dead; with Jingis Khán matters were very different; he organized the empire which he had conquered, so that it long survived and greatly thrived after he was gone. In every detail of social and political economy he was a creator, his laws and his administrative rules are equally admirable and astounding to the student. Justice, tolerance, discipline, virtues that make up the modern ideal of a State, were taught and practised at his court.

Such is the character which Mr. Howorth draws of Jingis Khán, and we are far from saying that it is entirely without justification. But it cannot be accepted as a correct delineation of the great Mongol's character. Mr. Howorth has fallen into that state of ecstasy which long and deep study of a subject is apt to produce. In this condition of mind objects of interest grow into matters of the highest importance, heroes assume colossal proportions, and all beyond shrinks into comparative insignificance. That Jingis was a great and bold general is not to be disputed; but when we are asked to consider the small beginning and the triumphant close of his career we must also take measure of the forces with which he contended. The nations and races over whom he prevailed had their inherent and superinduced weaknesses which made them an easy prey to a bold and enterprising chief, and many of them readily submitted to their conqueror and followed him willingly and heartily in the congenial career of slaughter and plunder which he opened for them. Mr. Howorth's comparison of Jingis Khán with Alexander, Napoleon, and Timur insinuates, if it does not distinctly affirm, that, taking him all in all, he was superior to each of them. Like Mr. Howorth, we will refrain from entering into the military side of the question, and will glance only at the reasons which he has assigned for the alleged superiority of Jingis Khán. His empire, it is said, long survived and greatly thrived after he was gone, but the colossal powers that the others created "crumbled to pieces as soon as they were dead." How the case stands as regards Alexander and Napoleon it is unnecessary to explain. Alexander's empire went to pieces in default of heirs, but the mighty power which he had acquired was long shared and wielded by the descendants of his generals. Napoleon fell, but the Empire revived, and who would now venture to affirm that it is utterly dead beyond all chance of resuscitation? Jingis Khán had sons and descendants who were men of ability to succeed him, and for a short time the empire which he had founded went on extending, but at the end of about seventy years it broke to pieces. For a century longer it endured in separate independent kingdoms, and then disappeared. Timur the Turk gave the finish to the empire of Jingis, and founded another empire which quickly followed its predecessor. But while the dynasty and empire of Jingis utterly disappeared, the Turki race of Timur long survived in royal state. The Emperors of Hindustan were proud to count their descent

from him, and to add to their titles a statement of the number of degrees they were distant in descent and in royal succession from "Amir Timur." By one of those curious errors which often establish themselves in history, the dynasty which Baber, sixth in descent from Timur, established in Hindustan was called the Empire of the Moghuls, this word being the Persian form of the word Mongol. Baber was a Jaghatai Turk, and that fact was notorious to all well-informed men in his own days and in those of his successors. But before his time Hindustan had often been terrified by the ravages of Jingis and his followers. Jingis Khán himself reached the banks of the Indus, and the frontier provinces of India suffered much from the inroads of wandering hordes of warriors. For long years India was in a continual state of alarm and dread of them. As in old days at home every foreigner was a Frenchman to the English peasant, so all the nomad races were Moghuls to the Indians, and the name clung to Timur and to Baber and to all their descendants down to the extinction of the last Great Moghul in our own day.

Mr. Howorth, in the passage we have quoted, lays great stress on the "laws and administrative rules" of Jingis Khán being "equally admirable and astounding to the student." But no copy of the code is known to exist; all that remains to excite the admiration of the student consists of scattered clauses preserved by different authors. Among these are some well adapted for the maintenance of such peace and order as could be maintained among a roving, warlike people like the Mongols. But these remnants are insufficient to justify the strong language of commendation which Mr. Howorth has bestowed on Jingis Khán as a legislator. In a subsequent page, when speaking of the code, his praise is very much toned down. "This code," he says, "doubtless, like many other celebrated codes which gained for their compilers the character of originators, embodied the gathered and matured wisdom and rules of life that prevailed among his people; and what he did was probably little more than to stamp with express authority the traditional and very ancient common-law of the desert." This work does all it can to brighten the character of Jingis Khán, but he still stands foremost among the most ruthless conquerors that have devastated the earth. The capture of a town which dared to resist him was generally followed by an indiscriminate slaughter of all whom lust or cupidity did not save. Prisoners were slaughtered in thousands when they became troublesome or too numerous, and it seems to have been a regular practice, in counting up the tale of the dead, to place a corpse upright on its head for every thousand told off:—

His creed was to sweep away all cities, as the haunts of slaves and of luxury, that his herds might freely feed upon grass whose green was free from dusty feet. It does make one hide one's face in terror to read that [in twelve years] 18,470,000 human beings perished in China and Tangut alone at the hands of Jingis and his followers; a fearful hecatomb which haunts the memory until one forgets the other features of the story. Yet although a *tabula rasa* was created, a fresh story was also written upon the page. Nor must we forget, whatever creed we hold to, that whether it be by pestilence or famine, or by the hands of such as Scesostris . . . Caesar, Attila, Timur, Bonaparte, and their ilk, the scourges of God seem inevitably to recur at intervals to purge the world of the diseased and the decaying, the weak and the false, the worn out and the *blasé* [sic], the fool and the knave.

In further palliation we are asked to measure these destroyers

by their opportunities, their antecedents, and their aims, and not by the feeble æsthetic standard some poets have created by which to discriminate between the destroyers of mankind. If we do this we shall find Jingis Khán towering head and shoulders above the rest. While, as to his thirst for blood, and the greedy draughts he took of it, we must wait for an excuse till the great day comes when men shall know why suffering and misery are permitted at all.

After this we may well ask who is the next monster to be "rehabilitated"? The tenor of this passage seems to indicate that it is our condemnation rather than our excuse of the bloodthirsty barbarian that we are desired to defer to the great day; but, taking the passage to the letter, we are quite prepared to "wait for an excuse," in the full assurance that mankind will be able to find no excuse and little palliation until the day of doom. Meanwhile we must refuse our admiration to Jingis Khán, and look upon him with the same dread and horror as we feel for "the pestilence and famine" of which he was the fellow-scurge. All that can be said for him in palliation is that the race to which he belonged seems to have a thirst for blood, and to find a brutal satisfaction in human suffering. Life is held cheap throughout the East, and the victims frequently meet their fate with a callous indifference which equals, if it does not surpass, the unconcern of those who pass the sentence. But of all the nations of the East the Tatar races have been and are still remarkable for their contempt of life. Residents in China give us circumstantial accounts of the way in which an executioner cuts off his twenty, fifty, or a hundred heads in the course of a few minutes without the slightest resistance from his unbound victims. Timur recorded with satisfaction in his memoirs the massacre by his order of a hundred thousand Hindu prisoners, and felt an undisguised pleasure in relating how an ecclesiastic and "man of learning, who in all his life had never killed a sparrow, slew with his sword fifteen idolatrous Hindus who were his captives." The "atrocities" of the present day are only repetitions on a small scale of what has happened in ages past; but this is not the place for more than a passing reference to them.

Though we entirely reject Mr. Howorth's bold attempt to palliate his hero's "thirst for blood," we do not depreciate his labours or the value of the great mass of information he has collected. The book seems to have concentrated all the scattered

stores and fragments of Mongol history accessible in European languages, and there can be little doubt of its becoming and remaining a book of authority. Its great length has compelled us to restrict our remarks to one particular portion of it, to that central portion round which the author has grouped his story; but there is a chapter which will awaken an interest in another class of readers. It relates to that "puzzle and paradox of history," Prester John. The legends about this mysterious personage, and the elaborate and learned treatises which have been written about him, are examined and criticized. Mr. Howorth rejects the latest theories on the matter, and falls back, but without saying so, to the opinion of Gibbon, that Prester John was a Khán of the Keraites, a Mongol clan of whom a full account is given. The book has two good maps, but it has neither an index nor a table of contents—inexcusable omissions in such a long and complicated work.

A BOOK OF THE PLAY.*

"THE indulgence of the reader," says Mr. Dutton Cook in a singularly modest preface, "is solicited in relation to certain repetitions hardly avoidable in the treatment of subjects having close relation to each other." It is true that one finds some use made of the same stories more than once in Mr. Dutton Cook's volumes; but one can well afford to be reminded of pleasant things, and the value of the writer's bright and useful papers on theatrical matters is certainly not injured by their being collected in a book.

The author's first chapter on Playgoers contains an account which now seems strange of the conduct of Elizabethan audiences. There was not only among them "much cracking of nuts and consuming of pippins" which may still be seen in certain London theatres, but also "tobacco was freely smoked by the upper class of spectators, for it was hardly yet common to all conditions." Nowadays tobacco is much smoked upon the stage, but by the actors, instead of by the gallants who used to display their bravery in front of the scenes, or rather curtains; and many a modern play has owed much of its "realistic effect" to the careful lighting of a real cigar with a real match by one of the principal characters. Besides the smoking of tobacco, which, as Prynne says in his *Histriomastix*, was practised by women as well as by men among the audiences of the Elizabethan age, gambling was as favourite a pastime as is now a stroll in the *foyer* of a Paris theatre. In the *Gull's Horn Book*, published in 1609, Dekker instructs his hero to fall to cards before the play begins, and to give evidence of his brilliant recklessness by tearing the cards up and flinging the fragments about just before the entrance of the prologue. More objectionable things than these were sometimes done by the audience. Mr. Collier, as the author of *A Book of the Play* reminds us, quotes this passage from Edmund Gayton, who in 1654 published *Festive Notes on the History of the Renowned Don Quixote*:—"On holidays, when sailors, watermen, shoemakers, butchers, and apprentices are at leisure, then it is good policy to amuse these violent spirits with some tearing tragedy full of fights and skirmishes . . . the spectators frequently mounting the stage, and making a more bloody catastrophe among themselves than the players did." This state of things may no doubt have been a safeguard against the apathy of audiences, which is now sometimes a subject of complaint; but this privilege was dearly bought; and the actors must have suffered not a little from another practice of the same date, which compelled them to perform, not the drama announced by them, but some other such as "the major part of the company had a mind to; sometimes *Tamurlane*; sometimes *Jugurtha*; sometimes the *Jew of Malta*; and sometimes, parts of all these; and, at last, none of the three taking, they were forced to undress and put off their tragic habits, and conclude the day with *The Merry Milkmaids*."

The nature of Mr. Dutton Cook's subject and his treatment of it compels him to shift quickly from one matter to another which may not seem very congruous. It is therefore not strange to find the chapter which begins with the consideration of Elizabethan audiences ending with a consideration of the sumptuary laws passed by theatrical managers regarding the dress of their audiences. In his *Seven Years of the Theatre*, published in 1828, Mr. Ebers included a letter from a spectator who complained of being refused admission to the opera on account of his apparel; for, he wrote, "I was dressed in a superfine blue coat with gold buttons, white waistcoat, fashionable tight drab pantaloons, white silk stockings, and dress shoes, all worn but once, a few days before, at a dress concert at the Crown and Anchor tavern." Better founded, perhaps, than this complaint was one addressed to Elliston, whose name is familiar through *Elia's Essays*, of the inconvenience caused by swoops being admitted to the theatre in the dress of their trade.

Following the dissertation on Playgoers are found chapters on the Master of the Revels, the Licensor of Playhouses, and the Examiner of Plays, πολλὰν ὀνομάτων μορφή μία, and these are the only chapters in Mr. Dutton Cook's work to which we are disposed to object. There is no doubt that Colman discharged his duties very ill; and there have been many outrages against the rules laid down by the later Examiners of Plays. The author protests against the licensing of *La Traviata* and the rejection of *La*

* *A Book of the Play: Studies and Illustrations of Histronic Story, Life, and Character.* By Dutton Cook, Author of "Art in England," "Hobson's Choice," &c. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

Dame aux Camélias, and quotes with evident disapproval the reason given for this, that "if there is a musical version of a piece, it makes a difference, for the story is then subsidiary to the music and acting." It is very difficult to determine at what point a story in its nature corrupt becomes for stage purposes corrupting; but it certainly seems that, while the odious character of Dumas's play is forgotten in its operatic version, because hearers are more concerned with a great singer's powers than with the trivial subject that she exalts, when an actress represents the same situations the attention is forced to the author's view of them. That this view is ludicrous, and that the play, one of its writer's earliest productions, is absurdly ill written, has of course nothing to do with the question raised by Mr. Dutton Cook. Later on, the author observes that "in America there is no Lord Chamberlain, Examiner of Plays, or any corresponding functionary. The stage may be no better for the absence of such an officer, but it does not seem to be any the worse." As has been said before in these columns, the want of a theatrical censorship in America is regretted by Americans whose opinions are valuable; and it is a not insignificant fact that Cervantes, in a country where the drama clung closely to authorized rules of morality, expressed a desire for the appointment of an officer who would correspond to our Examiner of Plays.

Passing on through pleasant dissertations concerning old play-bills and the humours of strolling players' lives, Mr. Dutton Cook, in a chapter called "In the Pit," makes a protest which one could wish to see generally taken up against the extreme discomfort forced upon playgoers nowadays who affect the stalls. It is urged that the stalls of most theatres are so contrived that any place beyond the corner cannot be reached "without a most unseemly and almost painful struggle"; and it is said, with equal truth, that "the rude, plain, hard benches of the old-fashioned pit are preferable to this modern system." It is indeed a work of terror and labour to reach an inside stall in a modern playhouse; and it would seem that managers think the increased merit of mechanical devices, if not of acting, upon the modern stage warrants them in making the witnessing them a matter of some discomfort. They assume, in fact, the attitude of quack doctors, who find that the assumed value of their drugs varies directly with their unpleasantness. From considering this matter, in which we may hope, vainly enough perhaps, to see some reform, the writer goes on by degrees to speak of the employment of gas-lights in theatres, which, when first attempted, raised many strenuous objections. In 1829 the writer of a letter to a newspaper signed "Chiro-Medicus" suggested that the strong light of the gas used in theatres was likely, for various reasons which he detailed, to induce apoplexy and other dangerous diseases among actors and audiences. He qualified his alarming hints by saying that certain symptoms observed in players might be due "to injurious pigments which they employed to heighten their complexions"; and it is curious that not very long ago the death of the celebrated French actor Mélingue was attributed to his constant application of oil-paints to his skin. On the question of lighting theatres Mr. Dutton Cook makes some remarks which are very well worth attention; and it seems strange that the tradition of the "float" should never yet have been broken. George Colman the younger, as we learn from *A Book of the Play*, when he described an amateur performance at the house of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, dwelt on the fact that the light came from above instead of from below on the stage. "This," he said, "is as we receive light from nature; whereas the operation of the float is exactly upon a reversed principle, and throws all the shades of the actor's countenance the wrong way." Besides this inconvenience, not only is the heat caused by the system of footlights most trying to actors, but the mist of hot air constantly rising is a serious inconvenience to the spectator. The brilliant light of gas must, as Mr. Dutton Cook observes in another chapter on the art of "Making-up," have added considerable difficulty to the player's task of assuming a fictitious age. "In those palmy but dark days of the drama, when gas and lime-lights were not, the disguising of the mischief wrought by time must have been a comparatively easy task." It is perhaps due to a natural pride in difficulties overcome that the business of making-up has now, as the author justly observes, taken far too important a place in the actor's art. It is "but a small portion of the histrionic art; and not, as some would have it, the very be-all and end-all of acting." And it would seem that no modern feats of disguise have surpassed those of Doggett, Garrick, and Mathews. Doggett, it is said, could "with the greatest exactness paint his face so as to represent the ages of seventy, eighty, and ninety distinctly, which occasioned Sir Godfrey Kneller to tell him one day at Button's Coffee House that 'he excelled him in painting; for that he could only paint from the originals before him, but that he (Doggett) could vary them at pleasure, and yet keep a close likeness.'" Mathews, at the request of Godwin, who was engaged on the novel of *Cloudesty*, in which disguise plays an important part, showed the novelist what he could accomplish in that line, and ended the interview by appearing without warning in the character of a bore who assaulted Godwin with flattery and drove him to the window, which the bore insisted on opening for him. "Mr. Godwin, passing the gentleman with a courteous look of thanks, found to his astonishment that Mr. Jenkins had disappeared and that Mr. Mathews stood in his place." Such stories as this show that the disguises of the celebrated M. Lecoq in Gaboriau's novels are not so extravagant as they appear. In speaking of one form of disguise con-

stantly necessary in the old theatre, Mr. Dutton Cook makes a remark which is especially worth attention in these days of accurate stage "revivals":—

Let us note in conclusion that there is clearly a "boy-actress" among the players welcomed by Hamlet to Elsinore, although the modern stage has rarely taken note of the fact. The player-queen, when not robed for performance in the tragedy of "The Mousetrap," should wear a boy's dress. "What, my young lady and mistress!" says Hamlet jestingly to the youthful apprentice; and he adds allusion to the boy's increase of stature: "By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine!"—in other words, "How the boy has grown!"—a chopine being a shoe with a heel of inordinate height. And then comes reference to that change of voice from alto to bass which attends advance from boyhood to adolescence.

The author has some amusing stories of the mangling of dramatic texts committed by actors who are "stuck" for the words. There was a certain provincial actor who delivered Montano's speech concerning Cassio—

And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingrat infirmity.
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor—

in this form:—"It's a pity, don't you think, that Othello should place such a man in such an office? Hadn't we better tell him so, sir?" Another actor, who was constantly sent on for such parts as the cream-faced loon in *Macbeth*, said, "I get a regular notion of the character, and give the audience words as near like the truth as need be. I find Shakespeare's parts worse to get into my head nor any other; he goes in and out so to tell a thing."

Two of Mr. Dutton Cook's most amusing chapters are those on "Supers" and on "Gag," in his second volume. Most people with any love for the stage will agree with the author in his condemnation of "gag." He tells, however, one story which shows that this, like other mean things, may have its uses. Potier was playing in a vaudeville, where he had to call for a bottle of beer. He was so much struck by the neatness with which the waiter who brought it performed his task, that he gave him various signs of approval. Presently the man asked if he might speak a few words while he opened the bottle, and from the permission given there arose by degrees a scene between the two which became the great attraction of the piece. "It was the triumph of gag. The *figurant* from this modest and accidental beginning of his career as an actor speedily rose to be famous. He was afterwards known to the world as Arnal, one of the most admirable of Parisian *farceurs*."

Mr. Dutton Cook's two volumes are very pleasant reading, and completely fulfil the object stated in his preface to them, to provide "an entertainment lacking neither in substance nor in variety."

TACITUS FOR ENGLISH STUDENTS.*

IT is too common with teachers to leave Tacitus almost entirely out of their curriculum because of the difficulties of his style, though it might have been imagined that to both parties in the business of classical education new ground would be a relief. Livy is so clear and perspicuous, and at the same time so vivid and pictorial, that we glide easily through his pages, losing after a while the sense of novelty; but Tacitus insists upon being accompanied by the reader's whole mind, or the gist and argument of the author will be missed. His pregnant elliptical sentences demand to be thought out and pondered on, and the exercise is very wholesome for a tiro, as giving him no small number of nuts to crack, which will recompense the trouble. Epigrammatic in style and bold in diction to an extent far beyond the custom of the silver age, Tacitus impresses us with the earnestness and gravity of his matter, and the calculated effect of his language; indeed there are few authors so well fitted to set a reflecting schoolboy to ponder the problem of style, and to note the differences therein between one historian and another. Moreover, the history of Rome under the Emperors, earlier or later, has a considerable interest of its own, if not an interest equal to that of the Republic, and there are not a few episodes in it to which Tacitus has done full justice in graphic and masterly narrative. A scholar who has always pleaded for more favour towards Tacitus, and who some years since published a translation of two or three books of the *Annals*—Mr. Beesley, of Marlborough College—has recently extracted from that work the stirring episode of Germanicus, and printed it in such a form and with such compendious notes that there is good hope for the more liberal admission of the historian into the higher forms of schools; and other signs of encouragement in perhaps more important quarters appear to point in the same direction. At the present time, not only has Mr. Simcox completed a succinct edition of the *Histories* for the *Catena Classicorum*, but Messrs. Church and Brodribb have brought to a conclusion, and sent forth equipped with maps, biographical and geographical excursions, and an excellent index, their translation of the *Annals*. It would be hard to suggest any moderate-sized field of history where so serviceable an apparatus for reference and comparison is attainable as in

* *Annals of Tacitus*. Translated into English, with Notes and Maps. By Alfred J. Church, M.A., of Lincoln College, and William Jackson Brodribb, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

The *History of Tacitus according to the Text of Orelli*. Edited, with English Notes and Introduction, by William Henry Simcox, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford. 2 vols. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1875-6.

the reigns of Tiberius and his successors, illustrated by a scholarly translation wrought out as a labour of love, and elucidated in every case of doubt or difficulty by writers thoroughly familiar with their author and his times. Of course it can never be an easy task to represent the style of Tacitus in English prose; enough perhaps is gained if, as in this translation, some flavour of the original is perceptible, and if the translators have for the most part laid themselves out to interpret the dark sentences of their author, and, in unravelling his meaning, had an eye "to a correct and adequate expression of the original" in a version which does not "too manifestly reveal the hand of a translator."

We observe that, at the end of the introduction to the *Histories*, Mr. Simcox records his opinion that the translation of Messrs. Church and Brodribb has been overrated; but this is a rather cavalier way of finding fault. All translation must needs be a compromise, and it is conceivable that a translator might err either in sticking too closely to his author's style and phraseology, or in straying too far from both in the fear of being accused of servility. It is something achieved if the translation retains a part of the tone and bias of the original, and recommends itself as producing the same effect upon the reader; and, reading the Latin of Tacitus and the English of our translators side by side, we seem to follow with interest, and with a clear insight into the whole of the wire-pulling, the secret mind of Tiberius, ostensibly well affected to Germanicus, though in reality dreading a more popular competitor for the empire. In the seventh chapter of the First Book three or four sentences express Tacitus's reading of the Emperor's reserve:—

His chief motive was fear that Germanicus, who had at his disposal so many legions, such vast auxiliary forces of the allies, and such wonderful popularity, might prefer the position to the expectation of empire. He looked also at public opinion, wishing to have the credit of having been called and elected by the State [dabatur et fama, ut vocatus electusque potius a republica videretur] rather than of having crept into power through the intrigues of a wife and a dotard's adoption. It was also subsequently understood that he assumed a wavering attitude, to test likewise the temper of the nobles. For he would twist a word or a look into a crime, and treasure it up in his memory.

In another passage, where the new Emperor addressed the Senators in deprecation of the burden of his empire, the commentary of Tacitus is a remarkable piece of psychological analysis to which his translators have done full justice. We are meant to see that language was regarded by Tiberius as the medium through which to hide his feelings:—

There was more grand sentiment than good faith in such words. Tiberius's language, even in matters which he did not care to conceal either from nature or habit, was always hesitating and obscure; and now that he was struggling to hide his feelings completely, it was all the more involved in uncertainty and doubt. The senators, however, whose only fear was lest they might seem to understand him, burst into complaints, tears, and prayers.

The English will here be found to take full measure of the Latin. Again, in the alarm and clamour which beset Tiberius at Rome after the misadventure and mutiny in Germany, and which resulted in a strong feeling that he should go himself to headquarters, and not leave a dissatisfied army to the command of a couple of striplings, the translators represent graphically the temporizing Emperor's mind:—

Many conflicting thoughts troubled him. The army in Germany was the stronger; that in Pannonia the weaker. The first was supported by all the strength of Gaul; the latter menaced Italy. Which was he to prefer without the fear that those whom he slighted might be infuriated by the affront? [Quos igitur anteferebat? ac ne postpositi contumelia incenderentur.] But his sons might alike visit both and not compromise the imperial dignity, which inspired the greatest awe at a distance. There was also an excuse for mere youths referring some matters to their father, with the possibility that he could conciliate or crush those who resisted Germanicus or Drusus. What resource remained if they despised the Emperor? However, as if on the eve of departure, he selected his attendants, provided his camp-equipage, and prepared a fleet; then winter and matters of business were the various pretexts with which he amused, first, sensible men, then the populace, last and longest of all, the provinces.

In this striking passage more than one pregnant expression of Tacitus finds adequate rendering, and everywhere there is the same evidence of careful selection of the most suitable English for the corresponding Latin. One more scrap from the sixty-ninth chapter of the First Book will be our last illustration of this; it is where the historian imputes to Sejanus the skilful fomentation of Tiberius's jealousy for his own ends. The Latin runs:—"Accendebat hæc onerabatque Sejanus peritiâ morum Tiberii, odia in longum jaciens, quæ reconderet, auctaque promeret." "All this," says the translation, "was inflamed and exaggerated by Sejanus, who, with his thorough comprehension of Tiberius's character, sowed for a distant future hatreds which the Emperor might treasure up and exhibit when fully matured." A little more wide of the text, yet not far from its gist, is Mr. Beesley's rendering:—"This Sejanus was ever inflaming and exaggerating, comprehending as he did Tiberius's disposition, and sowing in it seeds of jealousy, which, after such burial, should bear all the stronger crop."

For a sample of good narrative translation carefully and evenly written, we may point to the telling account of the burial of the relics of Varus's army by Germanicus in I. xi.; and indeed we have no fault to find with our latest translators as regards dignified narration and description. Curiosity has led us to make a pretty wide leap from the First Book into the Twelfth, and to penetrate, with Ostorius Scapula, the Proprietor of Claudius, into the hill-country of the Silures. Few decisive battles have been more canvassed and debated, and it is no small matter to have a clear

English version of the author's account (though we fear it only rested on vague hearsay) of the position of this one. It was when Caractacus felt his comparative weakness in military strength that, for the advantage of the shelter afforded by the country, he fell back on the Ordovices for his final struggle. The lines of the stronghold are thus described:—

He selected a position for the engagement in which advance and retreat alike would be difficult for our men and comparatively easy for his own, and then on some lofty hills, wherever their sides could be approached by a gentle slope, he piled up stones to serve as a rampart. A river too of varying depth was in his front, and his armed bands were drawn up before his defences.

The thirty-fifth chapter speaks further of "the river in Ostorius's face, the rampart the Britons had added to it, the frowning hill-tops, the stern resistance, and masses of fighting-men everywhere apparent," and how, when he had crossed the river, and undergone the fight with missiles before the barrier, he ordered the "testudo" to be formed, whereupon the Britons quailed, and retired for the heights. The translation is all that could be wished, and is abundantly sufficient to show that not a few of the supposed sites of this eventful battle—Coxwall Knoll, Caer Caradoc, &c.—entirely fail to answer the description. In p. 409 (Rome and Britain) Messrs. Church and Brodribb regard the site as impossible to be discovered, and add that the narrative of Tacitus affords no clue to it. We confess we are not so entirely satisfied of this. If, indeed, Caractacus drew Ostorius so far north as Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire (the settlements of the Ordovices) there are two sites of extensive fortified camps—the Merionethshire camp, not far from Corwen, and the Montgomeryshire, on the Breidden Hills near Welshpool and Buttington—either of which, but especially the latter, has much that corresponds with Tacitus's description. It is high time that our archaeologists of the Welsh border should seek to throw distinct light on this eminently national question, more especially as historians and translators are fatally given to shirking the difficulty when brought to close quarters.

But a word must be said of Mr. Simcox and his edition of the *Histories*, which nearly represent the memoirs of Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and the Flavian dynasty, and are distinct from the *Annals*, which are concerned with events that happened before Tacitus was born. Mr. Simcox's volumes furnish a thoughtful and suggestive introduction to the life and times of Tacitus; he has gathered illustration from things old and new, and ends with a brief but valuable summary of the style and peculiarities of the historian. It is a good piece of criticism that "it is in the *Annals*, where, from the remoteness in time of the events described, he was disposed to look at them in a half ideal way, that his artificial style is most appropriate, and in consequence most clearly developed; if we say that it is in the *Annals* that we see Tacitus's literary art at its best, it is because there he has room to be most Tacitean." The task of editing the *Histories* is, therefore, somewhat secondary in interest to that of editing the *Annals*; but we are bound to say that, whether as a verbal commentator or as a comparative historian, Mr. Simcox makes his footnotes all that can be desired in point of lucid information. Every now and then he sets us a-thinking by curious parallels, as where, early in the First Book, c. iii., on *suprema necessitates*, "compelled suicides," he notes the frequency of Tacitus's euphemistic paraphrases for suicide, and the tendency of the modern Japanese in the same direction. Mr. Simcox is always equal to the task of rendering a pregnant sense, such as "*pari dolore commoda aliena ac suas injurias metiebantur*"—"they measured the wrong done to them by the good bestowed on others, so that they were as much distressed by the latter as by the former" (I. viii.); and, by his insight into rhetorical figures or poetic language, he very often hits the equivalent English so happily that one fancies he would be not at all out of his element if he tried his hand at a translation of the *Annals* or *Histories*. His version would assuredly be lively. And he gives the impression in his work of looking below the surface and first intention of his original, which is a mode of operation very congenial to Tacitus. In the correct interpretation of a particular expression (e.g. iv. 85, where Valentinus says at his death, on being upbraided that his country was taken, "*accipere se solatium mortis*") Mr. Simcox has always at hand a forcible parallel to fix it beyond a doubt. Here the sense is, "He accepted that as a consolation for his death"—i.e. "dying young spared him the sight of his country's slavery"; not "that he accepted the consolation of death," or "death as a consolation for worse bitterness already past." It is in dealing with this passage that Mr. Simcox notices the lifelike pictures of subordinate characters in Tacitus's *Histories* as unequalled in Latin literature.

It seems not improbable that Mr. Simcox's experience in editing the *Histories* may induce him to persevere and proceed with the *Annals*. In that case we would suggest one or two formal improvements which might conduce much to the usefulness and popularity of the work. Tacitus, as much as any historian, requires to be read with the help of a running marginal commentary. The convenience of such an aid to keeping the thread and course of events well in hand cannot be exaggerated; and, if it were not asking too much, we should plead also for a pretty copious summary or index of events. In the meantime the admirers of Tacitus will have the satisfaction of seeing in the volumes we have been noticing a manifest reaction in the historian's favour.

RECUMBENT EFFIGIES IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.*

THERE are few old churches in England without an effigy in stone of some great local personage. The neglect from which such monuments have too often suffered is only more fatal to their preservation than what Mr. Hartshorne strongly characterizes as "the baneful hand of the restorer." Removal and decay have deprived us of hundreds of examples. Carelessness, on the part sometimes of ignorant workmen, and sometimes of people who should know better, has led to much destruction, but unquestionably restoration, as it is practised at the present day, to much more. The monuments of the seventeenth century have seldom any mercy shown to them; those of the eighteenth are hardly ever spared; while of older figures, too often mutilated in past commotions, modern pews, modern floorings, and the like, daily destroy the diminishing remains. The late Mr. Westmacott gave a pathetic account of his discovery of some fine stone figures in Nottinghamshire, and his narrative, with changed names, would fit many other places. Buried in damp earth and covered by pews he found, after long search, the figures of two knights and a lady. He had to pass his arm into a hole formed under the accumulated rubbish, and to pull out piecemeal, arms and legs, shields and supporters, until at length the three statues were all but complete, and, thanks to his exertions, Gonalston Church can boast once more of its beautiful thirteenth-century monuments. They must have been broken up in times comparatively recent; but if we are disposed to blame the bad taste which a hundred years ago saw no beauty in figures of the mediæval period, we must remember that in our own time greater destructions have been wrought upon tombs and tablets which, in our zeal for the middle ages, we have despised as modern and barbarous. Though we unearthed the cross-legged knights in the Temple Church, for instance, and placed them honourably in their ancient places, we took down all the mural tablets of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; and only those prying antiquaries who have penetrated into dark recesses under the bellows of the organ can tell where good taste has hidden away some of the most interesting monuments in London.

The author of this book bears a name well known in archaeology, and by its publication proves himself a worthy son of the regretted Charles Hartshorne. While brasses have for many years had a more than adequate share of the attention of antiquaries, monumental effigies have suffered a comparative eclipse. Their value as authentic examples of costume and as representations of persons of eminence in Church and State cannot, Mr. Hartshorne rightly observes, be too strongly urged. Such a book as this makes us regret the great difficulties in the way of students. Brasses are easily reproduced by rubbing; to which fact may in part be attributed the number of accurate representations which have been published from them. It became, indeed, for some years the fashion with people of taste and leisure to collect examples, and many who could not have made good drawings were able, by the use of heel ball, to perpetuate exact copies of interesting monuments of the kind. There are no such facilities for the study of recumbent statues. Nothing less than the eye and hand of an artist can give us adequate ideas of their features; and in many English churches marvellously fine effigies remain unnoticed, to suffer at the hands of ignorant restorers or to be hidden behind modern woodwork. Such a task as that which Mr. Hartshorne has accomplished for Northamptonshire should be undertaken in every county; but we can scarcely hope to see the work completed for many years to come. Meanwhile, destructive influences are everywhere busy. Rich as Northamptonshire still is in monuments, a large number have perished. "They are part of the history of the country, and are consecrated to the protecting regards of posterity," says Mr. Hartshorne; and as an example of what may be found in a single county, it is instructive to turn to his table of contents and see how many are the portraits of remarkable personages enshrined in its churches. The Report of the Sepulchral Monuments Committee appointed by the Society of Antiquaries, under the sanction of the Privy Council, in 1872, enumerated in Northamptonshire alone the names of twelve persons of eminence whose tombs are to be found within the borders of the county, including, besides the plain blue gravestone of Queen Katharine of Aragon at Peterborough Cathedral, the brass of Catesby, the Minister of Richard III.; the sepulchral slabs of Edward, Duke of York, killed at Agincourt, and his nephew, Richard, Duke of York, the father of Edward IV., with Cicely Neville, his wife, the "Proud Cis" of tradition; and effigies of Lord Burghley, the Minister of Elizabeth, and of Sir Edward Montagu, Chief Justice, first of the King's Bench, and afterwards of the Common Pleas, the founder of the fortunes of the modern noble houses of Manchester and Sandwich. To add to these names of the illustrious dead deemed worthy of a place in the Blue-book, a long list of minor celebrities may be extracted from the pages of Mr. Hartshorne. Among them are six Abbots of Peterborough, beginning with Benedict, who died in 1193, and ending with Robert Kirtan in 1528, whose successor, Chambers, became in 1541 the first bishop. This noble series is noticed at full length. Several of the figures were formerly in the Chapter House, but they are now disposed, with the exception of the first,

in the south aisle of the choir, forming a magnificent and perhaps unrivalled succession. There is some doubt as to the exact identification of one or two; but Mr. Hartshorne assigns to Abbot John de Caletto the quaint figure, with two angels grasping it by the ears, which is placed first to the west, "under a low Norman arch, which it does not fit." The first mitred abbot was William Genge, elected in 1396; from his time to that of Kirtan it is recorded that the abbots had brasses for their monuments, all of which were despoiled in 1643.

Among the other effigies we may notice a few which appear especially remarkable. One of the most pleasing is that of Elizabeth Nevill, an ancestress of the Duke of Leeds, who married first Sir John Danvers, and, secondly, Sir Edmund Carey. Twelve years before her death, which took place in 1630, Lady Carey commissioned Nicholas Stone to make her monument, and an entry occurs in the sculptor's note-book in which he states that in 1617 he "undertook to make a tombe for my Lady, mother to my Lord D'avers, which was all of whit marbell and touch"; and records further that he "set it up at Stow of the nine churches in Northampton some two year after." The figure, which is therefore in all probability a good likeness, represents an elderly lady of delicate features, with an aquiline nose and small hands, and clad in an ermine-lined mantle very gracefully disposed, a broad bodice, ruff and hood of ample size. It is certainly, to judge only from Mr. Hartshorne's drawing, a noble work in every way, and worthy of the artist of York Gate, which Stone, according to the same note-book, "designed & built." A fine statue of older date is that of Sir John Swinford in Spratton Church, of which Mr. Hartshorne gives three drawings. He is represented in full armour of the Edwardian period, and affords us an idea of what the Black Prince and his companions must have looked like. The knight wears "upon his head a conical basinet, to which a camail of mail is attached by laces passing through verrelles or staples; over the camail is worn a collar of S.S., tied by a single cord, the end of which is expended in a knot similar to the slip in what is called a hangman's knot. The shoulders are protected by articulated épaulières, the arms to the elbows by brassarts (arrière-bras or rere braces), the elbows by coudières, the fore-arms by avant-bras or vambraces, and the hands by gauntlets of leather, divided into fingers, formed of articulated plates of steel. The gussets of the arms at the 'vif de l'harnois' seem to be of leather; the body is covered by a jupon, laced at the right side, with the lower edge pinked or déchiqueté; over this is worn a baudric buckled in front, ornamented with foliage, and bearing the initials of the wearer, J.S., repeated three times. From the baudric is suspended a two-edged sword, measuring in the extreme length four feet four inches, with a blade three feet four inches long, and more than three inches wide at the hilt. The misericorde is slung by a loop on the left side. Below the jupon appears the hauberk of mail. The thighs are covered by cuissarts; upon the front of each of these defences, and about an inch below the hauberk, appears a raised band, checked at intervals, and apparently of the same material as the cuissarts. It would be difficult to explain the object of these singular additions. . . . The knees are protected by genouillères slightly ridged with single articulations. The legs are cased in greaves or jambeaux, and the feet covered by articulated sollerets, of which the three last members cover only the upper part of the foot. It would be these three which projected through the stirrup when the knight was on horseback. The rowels of the spurs are gone. The head rests upon a tilting helme, deeply hollowed out, and showing the ocularia; it is surmounted by the crest, a boar's head armed. The feet rest upon a lion with his tail wound round the sword." Sir John died in 1371, and we have given this description almost at full length, partly because the figure is an interesting and perfect example of that period, and partly because the account of it is a good specimen of the care and accuracy of detail with which Mr. Hartshorne has done his work.

Of the collar of S.S. which occurs on the effigy of Sir John Swinford as well as on that of Sir John Cressy, who died in 1444, and twelve others, Mr. Hartshorne gives some interesting notices in an Appendix. Three ladies occur among the Northamptonshire effigies wearing this ornament. The earliest recorded description of such a collar occurs in a wardrobe account of Henry, Earl of Derby, afterwards Henry IV., taken in 1391. The badge certainly seems to have originated with the House of Lancaster, and a window in Old St. Paul's represented John of Gaunt as wearing it. Many theories have been advanced to account for it and explain its meaning, but none of them are quite satisfactory. As certain badges were attached to certain estates—for example, Richard III.'s boar "*ex honore de Richmond*"—it may possibly have originally had reference to the Savoy, an explanation we venture to offer Mr. Hartshorne; but it is more likely that there is an allusion to the word "*Sovereynne*," which formed Henry of Bolingbroke's motto, and is written and carved on his tomb at Canterbury. There are other topics of great interest treated of in the Appendix, and the book concludes with a chronological list of the effigies—one hundred and sixteen in number—which Mr. Hartshorne has represented. He begins with Abbot Benedict in 1193, and ends with Sir John Germaine, the notorious husband of "*Lady Betty*," who died in 1718.

* *The Recumbent Effigies in Northamptonshire: a Series of Photographs from Scale Drawings; with Descriptions.* By Albert Hartshorne. London: Pickering. 1876.

MADAME.*

SOME masters of the art of fiction, Scott and George Sand among the number, have enjoyed the faculty of entirely forgetting the stories which they had once finished. It is easy to believe that novelists less celebrated possess the same happy power of oblivion in a greater degree, and that in their rapid workmanship they so completely cease to remember what has passed from their brains that they never at any moment take a general view of their romance. This theory would account—and it is difficult to account in any other way—for the fact that a writer of some reputation like Mr. F. Lee Benedict has ventured to present to the world a tale so tedious, rambling, and improbable as *Madame*. This novel is like nothing so much as the early English plays which Sir Philip Sidney derided in the *Defence of Poesie*. The characters run about in the random sort of way which Sidney laughed at; they wander from Salamis to South America, and from Suez to San Francisco. The heroine and the first villain are, as a minor character very truly observes, “both outside the pale of humanity.” In spite of incessant travelling, of sorrow, despair, drink, gambling, and so on, they both preserve intact their extraordinary physical perfection. Indeed the heroine, Madame, at the age of at least thirty-four, “is so glorious in her beauty that neither the man who loved her nor the man who believed her lost and vile could speak or stir.” And Bolton Wargrave, the villain, is, as he says himself, “handsome, clever, and witty,” after a very desperate and trying career.

A novelist has perhaps the right to invent lovely women and wicked men who are out of the pale of humanity. If he can make them at all attractive or amusing he has so far succeeded, and there is not much more to be said. Lelia and the Count of Monte Christo are almost as likely to live as more subdued and natural creations. But when genius comes down or up from the heights or depths of imaginary virtue and vice, it may as well depict ordinary people who shall not be too unlike ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Benedict has taken the trouble to do the very reverse, and to introduce his readers to characters whom no one would like, as schoolboys say, “to know at home.” Hilda, for example, the *ingénue* of the piece, says of herself and her relations, “We are rather agreeable people.” Her mother, whom she calls Katey, shows her breeding by observing as to the half hour after women leave the dinner-table that “It gives one an opportunity to see one’s hair is not falling down, or the powder rubbed off one’s nose.” The same lady “delighted in tiny approaches to impropriety,” and chose for her daughter’s “sheep dog” a certain old maid always spoken of as Flower, whose sayings and doings are almost too offensive to be quoted. Flower is constantly talking about “the fifth time she was engaged,” about the fact that she has been seventeen times engaged and thrice on the verge of ruin, about her “success with the opposite sex,” about her own moustache, and heaven knows what other impudent nonsense. She drinks too much sherry, she “equals as if she had an engine-whistle somewhere in her enthusiastic inside”; and we fancy that Mr. Benedict libels his own countrywomen when he makes those specimens of “Knickerbocker exclusiveness,” Colonel and Mrs. Morrison, choose Miss Flower as a companion for their daughter. The playful banter of Mr. Benedict’s American family when they are talking to each other makes one almost blush with humiliation at the mere reading of such vulgar ineptitude. And the extraordinary thing is that the author can draw another class of people when he pleases, and makes his favourite characters, Lascelles and Seaforth, speak and act like puppets perhaps, but still like puppets who know how to behave themselves.

Respectability is not the most marked feature in Madame’s character when we first make her acquaintance. She had at that time, and indeed at all times, good reasons for wishing to keep out of the way of society. Her assumed name of Jastram she had made illustrious by her skill as a painter, and by her genius as a French and English novelist; and, with the wish to secure quiet and to avoid recognition, she very naturally took a villa at Nice during the season. Nice is just the sort of sleepy, secluded village where a woman of superhuman beauty, of damaged reputation, and of a mysterious past, is likely to be able to escape notice, to perform unobtrusive acts of charity, and to avoid her old acquaintances. Mme. Jastram found, in her luxurious home by the sea, the peace which her weary spirit needed, and she would probably never have met with another adventure had her horses not run away with her, and been stopped by Julian Lascelles, at the spot where Colonel Morrison was giving a garden-party. This was unlucky for several reasons—first, because Mr. Lascelles had known Mme. Jastram in the East, and was in love with her; next, because Madame was anxious to be killed, and was saved much against her will; thirdly, because Hilda Morrison, the Colonel’s daughter, conceived a violent affection for her on the spot; and, lastly, because every one who was present at the garden-party made the accident an excuse for intruding on Madame’s solitude, and compelling her to receive them at her villa. Hilda and her parents were of course present at the entertainment which Madame was obliged to give, and they took with them a remarkable friend of theirs, an English lawyer, named Richard Bentley. No sooner had Mr. Bentley been introduced to Madame than he said, “God help us!” groaned, mentioned that he “would sooner have died than have crossed the threshold,” and then formally denounced Mme. Jastram. By his account she was

no Jastram, but the Honourable Mrs. Mandeville, who had run away from her husband with Sir Arthur Bellingham, caused his death in a duel, tried to poison her sister-in-law, and was in consequence universally and deservedly unpopular. The general public was shocked, and withdrew; but Hilda cast on the erring lady “a glance of pity that was fairly angelic,” and made remarks to which Madame replied “in a voice of iron.” After this scene Madame felt nothing so bitterly as the pain that it must have inflicted on Mr. Lascelles. Therefore, when Bolton Wargrave, the scoundrel of the story, bribed her with the promise of certain information about some one believed to be dead, to go and play for him at Monaco, Madame did what he asked. She knew that Lascelles would hear of her gambling, and would think her so unabashed in guilt that she would cease to occupy a place in his heart. It is scarcely necessary to say that Madame won, and indeed broke the bank; but she could not have performed this feat in the manner described by Mr. Benedict. You are not allowed to stake more than a hundred and eighty francs on a single number at roulette; but Madame appears to have put down hundreds of pounds without exciting the suspicions of the croupiers.

At this point of the story a good deal of clearness may be gained by passing over a feeble love which Hilda felt for Lascelles, and a more healthy affection which one Seaforth entertained for Hilda. Mr. Seaforth was rejected, and sought consolation in a voyage to Australia, where he protected a certain Mary Hope, who had escaped from a private lunatic asylum. Hilda and her parents went to Geneva, where they met Lascelles and Bentley, and where, by way of making everything symmetrical, Hilda was thrown off her horse at the gates of a villa occupied by Madame, just as Madame had been run away with at the gates of Hilda’s villa. Private affairs now required the presence of Colonel Morrison in America, and every one began to feel, with Lascelles and Hilda, that Madame could not really be the guilty creature of Bentley’s imagination and of popular belief. At the same time it was whispered that her child by her husband, the Hon. Mandeville, who had died at Salamis, was still alive, and Bolton Wargrave used the rumour for his own purposes. He was in love with Madame, like every one else, and he tried to win her by promising to produce the child. On the other side, he might hope to share the money which would fall to the infant as the heir of the late Mandeville. But this bad man was foiled, because, after Hilda’s accident, Madame refused to take an interest in her supposed offspring, and not without reason. In the first place, while nursing the severely shaken Hilda, she had observed in her an arrangement of the veins peculiar to her own long lost darling; and, in the second place, she may have guessed that Bolton Wargrave’s young one was the daughter of Bolton Wargrave by a discarded mistress. This unfortunate young claimant, by the way, was afflicted with dumbness, in consequence of the unwarrantable conduct of certain brigands, who held her head downwards over a well, while she was still a baby.

Bolton Wargrave was so much vexed by the action of Mme. Jastram that he accused her of being a member of the International, and had her expelled from Geneva in the same manner as M. Henri Rochefort and desperate characters of his stamp are always treated by the Canton. And now it is really time to clear up the history of Madame. When Seaforth helped the escaped lunatic in Australia, he little thought that this Mary Hope was the former mistress of Wargrave, the mother of the dumb young lady, and the cause of Madame’s misfortunes. It was Mary Hope who, urged by Wargrave, had allured Madame, then Mrs. Mandeville, on board the yacht of Sir Arthur Bellingham, with the specious falsehood that the yacht afforded the best means of rejoining her husband on the other side of the Channel. It was Mary Hope that helped Wargrave to persuade Mandeville that his wife had eloped with Sir Arthur. When Mandeville died at Salamis, after a duel with Bellingham, Miss Hope gave birth to a daughter, whom Wargrave, as we have seen, brought forward as Mandeville’s heir. But the real heir, Mandeville’s real daughter, was, in fact, no one but Hilda. Mrs. Morrison’s child died at Athens, and the child of Madame, left alone after Mandeville’s death, was palmed off on the bereaved lady as her own. Wargrave then carried off Miss Hope to a madhouse in Australia.

If the reader has kept his temper through this labyrinth of absurdities, he will ask why Madame did not tell her version of the story, and how she came to be accused of trying to poison her sister-in-law? As to the latter charge, it is enough to say that when she quarrelled with Mandeville, and was refused admission to his house, she was naturally anxious to see her child. No device seemed more plausible than to dress like a pipsy-woman, a disguise which invariably disarms suspicion, and to administer opium to her husband’s butler, footman, nurse, and sister. Now the opium chanced to disagree with the sister, though Madame had no wish to poison that lady. Next, Madame did not clear herself of the charge of unfaithfulness by telling the facts of the case, because, as she says, “I would have gone into eternal punishment rather than lift a finger to dispute it.” Thus, if it had not happened, by the greatest luck, that Seaforth went to Australia, and took lodgings next to a madhouse, and if Mary Hope had not escaped and sought refuge with him, and repented and confessed, Madame might never really have been cleared in the eyes of a world which is always too ready to judge by appearances.

Any one who pines for more of this moving tale will be glad to hear that there is in the novel a rich abundance of incidents left for him to explore, such as shipwrecks, love adventures, and man-slayings. He will find some philological treasures too, for *Madame*

* *Madame*. By Frank Lee Benedict. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1876

is written in the American variety of English. There is mention made of "lady-bugs" and of "pedal extremities," and men are called "masculines." The imagination is led on and on by marvels of which the story gives mere casual hints. Who, for example, can the Swedish subject have been who left Madame the name of Jastram and boundless wealth after making her acquaintance in South America? We shall never know, for in the last page we are told that Madame's "past was blotted out for ever." So much the better for the public, and for the author, who must clear his mind of such perilous melodramatic stuff if he wishes to recover the reputation which he gained by an earlier novel. *Madame* is so complete and foolish a failure that it is only charitable to hope that the writer never looked back at his work as a whole when once he had wound up the skein of tangled fiction.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

HERR MAX DUNCKER*, distinguished as the historian of the ancient world, has brought together the investigations which he has made at various times into the interesting episodes of Prussian history. The first relates to a pamphlet composed by Frederick the Great as Crown Prince in 1736, but not published until after his death. It was prompted by alarm at the reconciliation of the old hereditary enemies, France and Austria, and was to have been published in England as the work of an Englishman, with the view of putting the maritime Powers upon their guard. The speculations and apprehensions it expresses continued to influence Frederick's policy throughout his life. Frederick's alliance with Catharine II., and his interference in the affairs of Poland, are elucidated in another essay of much interest. The historian makes the best apology he can for Frederick's share in the first Polish partition, and tries to throw the principal blame upon Austria, hitherto regarded as the least culpable party to the transaction. To one remark of Frederick's, made to Prince Kaunitz, we shall all subscribe most cordially—"Dieser verdammte Türkenkrieg alarmirt und beunruhigt mich." A long essay on the condition of Prussia during the French occupation abounds with points of diplomatic interest at the present juncture. We see Napoleon, at the height of his power, evacuating Prussia and giving up Finland and the Danubian Principalities out of deference to Russia; and Alexander, on his part, consenting to a war with England, and conniving at the total overthrow of Austria, rather than renounce his hold on the Principalities. The history of the secret negotiations between Prussia and Russia previously to Napoleon's Moscow expedition, and the hesitation of Prussia on whose side to range herself, are also highly interesting. Prussia eventually found that she had no choice but to co-operate with her enemy and oppressor, inasmuch as the defensive plan of campaign judiciously adopted by Alexander disabled him from giving her any effective support. General Knessebeck's pretensions to have originated this plan are examined in another essay, but only to be decidedly rejected. The merit is ascribed to Alexander, or, with even more propriety, to Wellington, whose practical demonstration of its efficiency is appealed to by Alexander himself.

C. Schirren's criticism on the sources of information for the ancient history of Holstein† is chiefly occupied with an examination of the historian Helmold, who fares very badly, being accused of having throughout falsified his chronicle from interested motives.

The third part of F. Wüstenfeld's history of the Viceroy of Egypt‡ under the Caliphs is devoted to the house of Tulun, a Turkish family which governed Egypt in the name of the Caliph, but in reality as independent rulers, during the latter part of the ninth and the beginning of the tenth century. Their history is little else than a record of extravagance and atrocity.

Professor Rochholz§ is determined to leave no single stone of the legendary fabric respecting Tell and Gessler upon another. He pursues the mythical apple into all sorts of popular theologies and cosmogonies, especially the Scandinavian and Finnish, examining in this connexion the ethnological conjecture, perverted into popular tradition, which identifies the Swiss with the Suevi, and the Suevi with the Swedes. Many curious instances are given of the invention of professedly historical occurrences to explain customs and observances, connected in most cases with primitive religion, whose significance has become obscure. On the other hand, legends have arisen in our own days from the literal interpretation of poets and other popular authors; and the meritorious endeavours of historians to elucidate old traditions have sometimes introduced further confusion by originating new ones. Tell's feat, however, has been actually performed in several instances, the last recorded example being that of a German mechanic, who was fined for it. The apple was on this occasion represented by a potato. The Gessler half of the legend is the more apocryphal of the two;

for although many Gesslers flourished in Switzerland during the middle ages, historical and genealogical research demonstrates the impossibility of any of them having corresponded to the Gessler of the story. These researches, however satisfactory, are necessarily dry, and the more inviting department of popular mythology is hardly made as attractive as it might have been in Herr Rochholz's hands. The most entertaining part of the volume is the collection of old ballads and analysis of dramas founded upon the Tell story. The most remarkable of the latter is the French tragedy *Grisler*, less noteworthy for its literary merits than as the composition of a practical disciple of the ideal Tell, Samuel Henzi, who was beheaded in 1749 for attempting to restore the ancient constitution of Bern. Henzi's own fate is the subject of an unfinished drama by Lessing.

Professor Willkomm* is a botanist, and the purpose of his visit to the Balearic Islands was mainly scientific. He is, however, much more, and his careful and copious account will be found of the highest value by all visitors to that interesting nook of Europe. The patient and accurate investigation indispensable to the botanist has helped him to a thorough knowledge of every corner of the islands, and he has not overlooked their character as a resort for invalids, in which point of view they principally concern the majority of travellers. Their social and economical condition appears to be in general more satisfactory than might have been expected, and the cultivation of many districts is stated to be particularly advanced. On the other hand, Dr. Willkomm deplors the reckless destruction of timber, especially of the valuable box-tree. In many parts both of the islands and of the mainland this evil is now absolutely without remedy. The author extended his tour to the Spanish peninsula, visiting the capital, the eastern provinces, and Andalusia. He found great changes since his previous visit thirty years ago. The population of Madrid has increased fifty per cent.; eight suburbs have sprung up outside the gates, where formerly there was not one; the city is now as well provided as any in Europe with the means of internal communication, and the supply of water by the magnificent and costly Isabella Canal has lowered the death-rate and effected a marked improvement in the climate. It has indeed destroyed the old picturesque feature of the Galician water-carriers; and in Andalusia Professor Willkomm had cause not merely to regret the loss of the national costume and other characteristic traits, but a decay in the more important matters of independence, hospitality, and disinterestedness. On the whole, however, his picture of Spain is no unpleasing one—a fact the more gratifying as his excursion was undertaken during the unfortunate days of the Republic, and comprised a visit to Malaga, where the Commune was then endeavouring to regenerate society by paying artisans at the rate of two days' wages for half a day's work.

"Seven Months amid Art and Nature"† is a very appropriate title for records of Italian travel in general, and particularly expressive of the enthusiastic feeling which animates Count Adelmann's travels, and renders them, notwithstanding their lack of novelty or special information, a very delightful book. They evidently flow from the pen of one who has imbibed the spirit of Italian scenery and art in every fibre; and, imperfectly adapted as the volume may be for a guide to intending visitors to Italy, we hardly know one better calculated to revive pleasant recollections on the part of those to whom the country is already familiar.

The colossal speculator and railway contractor, Dr. Strousberg‡, has produced a vindication of his career which is likely to excite the curiosity of two classes of readers—the amateurs of piquant personal revelations, and the unfortunate investors who would gladly learn what has become of their money. Neither are likely to derive much satisfaction from the volume. The author professedly disclaims autobiography, observes a most exemplary discretion respecting the secrets of *la haute finance*, and seems hardly more anxious to vindicate himself than those by whom, according to his own view, he has been unjustly persecuted. With regard to the money, the only absolutely certain conclusion appears to be that the rightful owners are wholly out of the question. If the enlightenment of the public really entered into Dr. Strousberg's design, he has erred in taking for granted his readers' acquaintance with the details of very extensive and highly complicated transactions. More probably, however, his intention has been, while avoiding an over-nice exposition of embarrassing details, to create a vague general impression that he is an ill-used man. From this point of view his memoir is a masterly composition, evincing or affecting remarkable calmness, reasonableness, and fortitude in adversity, scrupulously eschewing all personalities and recrimination, avoiding the platitudes of injured innocence, and skilfully conveying the impression that the writer must after all have had too much good sense to be a rogue. He would seem to impute his ruin to the timidity of his supporters, combined with the restrictions imposed on financial enterprise by Prussian law. Of his pending trial in Russia he ingeniously remarks that the issue is a perfect lottery, which perhaps means that he expects to be convicted.

Herr Johannes Scherr professes to have been inspired by a lofty

* *Aus der Zeit Friedrichs des Grossen und Friedrich Wilhelms III. Abhandlungen zur preussischen Geschichte.* Von Max Duncker. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Beiträge zur Kritik alterer hoiteinischer Geschichtsquellen.* Von C. Schirren. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Statthalter von Aegypten zur Zeit der Chalifen.* Von F. Wüstenfeld. Abth. 3. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Tell und Gessler in Sage und Geschichte. Nach urkundlichen Quellen.* Von E. L. Rochholz. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Nutt.

* *Spanien und die Balearen. Reiseerlebnisse und Naturschilderungen.* Von Dr. Moritz Willkomm. Berlin: Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Aus Italien. Sieben Monate in Kunst und Natur.* Von Alfred Graf Adelmann. Stuttgart: Richter & Kappler. London: Nutt.

‡ *Dr. Strousberg und sein Wirken.* Von ihm selbst geschildert. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Asher & Co.

moral purpose in his sketches of popular frenzy and superstition.* To us, on the other hand, they appear a very poor piece of book-making, only distinguishable from ordinary compilations of the kind by the writer's offensive vituperation of all who differ from him on religious subjects. This is especially the case with his account of that peculiarly dismal instance of fanatical insanity, the self-crucifixion of the Peter family in Switzerland, which is related with the most merciless prolixity. A sketch of the doings of the Paris Commune is better, but contains nothing original.

Dr. Reusch's copious examination of recent discoveries and theories in geology and anthropology, as they affect the Scriptures †, is chiefly remarkable for the peculiar colouring of sentiment imbibed from the author's position as a Catholic Professor of Theology, and for the extent of his acquaintance, if not with physical science, at least with the writings of its expounders. The treatise is very temperate in expression and apparently liberal in its concessions to science; but the pertinacity with which the writer contests every point on which there is yet any room for controversy shows how far this candour is from being voluntary, and diminishes the weight of his otherwise seasonable admonitions against precipitation in drawing inferences from imperfect data.

The third edition of Lange's History of Materialism ‡ is entitled to notice on account of the biography of the lately deceased author prefixed to the first volume. Lange appears to have been a man of great consistency of character and singleness of purpose, but versatile in his pursuits and unsettled in his general plan of life. Germany was too cramped for him, and he sought a freer sphere of action in Switzerland, where he died as Professor of Philosophy at Zürich.

Lange, along with Hartmann and Dühring §, is the subject of an essay by Hans Vaihinger, who propounds him as the reconciling mean between the other two thinkers, and evidently considers that he has come nearer than any one else to solving the problems of philosophy. As the medium aforesaid, however, Lange would seem to occupy no other position than the majority of mankind who are neither pessimists nor optimists. If there is any originality in his teaching, it is in the peculiar turn of phrase by which, while conceding to Hartmann that the world is actually bad, he allows with Dühring that it is ideally good. Some, perhaps, would wish the conditions reversed, but these people are not philosophers. Dühring's optimism is apparently of the French materialistic school, and is contingent upon the reconstitution of society in a very sweeping fashion.

Professor Bender's investigation of the philosophical groundwork of Schleiermacher's theology || shows much hard thinking, but is so abused that it is difficult to conjecture for what class of readers it can be intended, unless for those who are already sufficiently versed in metaphysics to dispense with it.

The schoolmasters of Prussia ¶ have long been accustomed to hold an annual conference for the discussion of professional questions. From its thoroughly practical character, the meeting is exempt from the charges habitually brought against similar gatherings, and its transactions have served as the means of embodying the views of men experimentally versed in the science of education upon some of its leading problems. The reports, however, of the earliest meetings existed only in manuscript, and even the printed documents were all but inaccessible to the public. Dr. Erler has performed a genuine service in selecting and digesting the most valuable parts of the proceedings of the thirty-nine Congresses hitherto held, and in so doing has produced a work well worthy of the attention of the scholastic profession in England.

It says much for the numbers and organization of German archaeologists that they should be able to establish a permanent colony in Greece **, which the erudite of other countries only visit singly and at intervals. A German Archaeological Society, including, however, a native Hellenic element, now holds regular fortnightly meetings at Athens, and has already produced a number of papers, five of which are contained in the first number of its transactions now before us. The most important are one by Mommsen, on the Sovereigns of Commagene; one by Lolling, on the topography of Marathon; and notes by Berndorf on moot points in Greek art, especially on the drapery, or the lack of drapery, of the Venus Anadyomene.

Few ladies †† have as yet achieved reputation in comparative philology, although the science is not one of those for which the sex can be supposed to be disqualified either intellectually or from

considerations of decorum. It may probably appear too remote from human interest, the real intimacy of its connexion with history and social science not becoming apparent until the learner has made considerable progress. This view may seem confirmed by Mme. Michaëlis de Vasconcellos's dedication of her work to her teacher, regard for whom may be assumed to have supplied the missing element of attractiveness. The treatise itself is a minute investigation into the formation of words in the Romance languages, undertaken with the view of showing that their vocabulary is more copious, and their structure more flexible, than is usually admitted. The author's examples are mostly derived from the Spanish.

The most generally interesting articles in the August number of the *Rundschau* * are the illustrious traveller Nachtigal's thorough account of the Arabs of Central Africa; L. Ehler's critical paper on the collected edition of Mendelssohn's musical compositions; and a description of the English system of quarterly and monthly reviewing, very fair and accurate, but necessarily containing little of what is new to the English reader. The publication of Schiller's letters to Duke Christian of Schleswig Holstein is completed. They comprise the "Letters on Aesthetic Education," privately addressed to the Duke, in their original form. The correspondence is criticized in an article by L. Ulrichs in the September number, which also has a very good account, the value of which, however, would have been materially enhanced by a plan of the most recent Roman excavations; and a review of E. von Hartmann's recent writings. Hartmann's pessimism is fairly criticized, and a not very successful attempt is made to extenuate his obligations to Schopenhauer.

The most important article in the *Russische Revue* † is the continuation of S. M. Propper's valuable history of the Russian railway system.

* *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. ii. Hft. 11, 12. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

† *Russische Revue*. Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Jahrg. v. Hft. 9. St. Petersburg: Rotzger. London: Trübner.

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* Grössenwahn. Vier Kapitel aus der Geschichte menschlicher Narrheit. Mit Zwischensätzen. Von Johannes Scherr. Leipzig: Günther. London: Asher & Co.

† Bibel und Natur. Vorlesungen über die Mosaische Urgeschichte. Von Dr. F. H. Reusch. Bonn: Weber. London: Dulau.

‡ Geschichte des Materialismus. Von F. A. Lange. Dritte Auflage. Iserlohn: Baedeker. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ Hartmann, Dühring und Lange. Zur Geschichte der deutschen Philosophie im XIX. Jahrhundert. Ein kritischer Essay von Hans Vaihinger. Iserlohn: Baedeker. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| Schleiermacher's Theologie mit ihren philosophischen Grundlagen. Dargestellt von W. Bender, Th. z. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ Die Direktoren-Conferenzen des Preussischen Staates. Sämtliche auf ihnen gepflogene Verhandlungen, geordnet, excerptirt und eingeleitet von Dr. W. Erler. Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben. London: Asher & Co.

** Mittheilungen des deutschen Archäologischen Institutes in Athen. Jahrg. i. Hft. 1. Athen: Wilberg. London: Asher & Co.

†† Studien zur Romanischen Wortschöpfung. Von Carolina Michaëlis. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

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